Vol. CXXIX. No. 1679

Fit TriplEX -and be safe TALBOT do

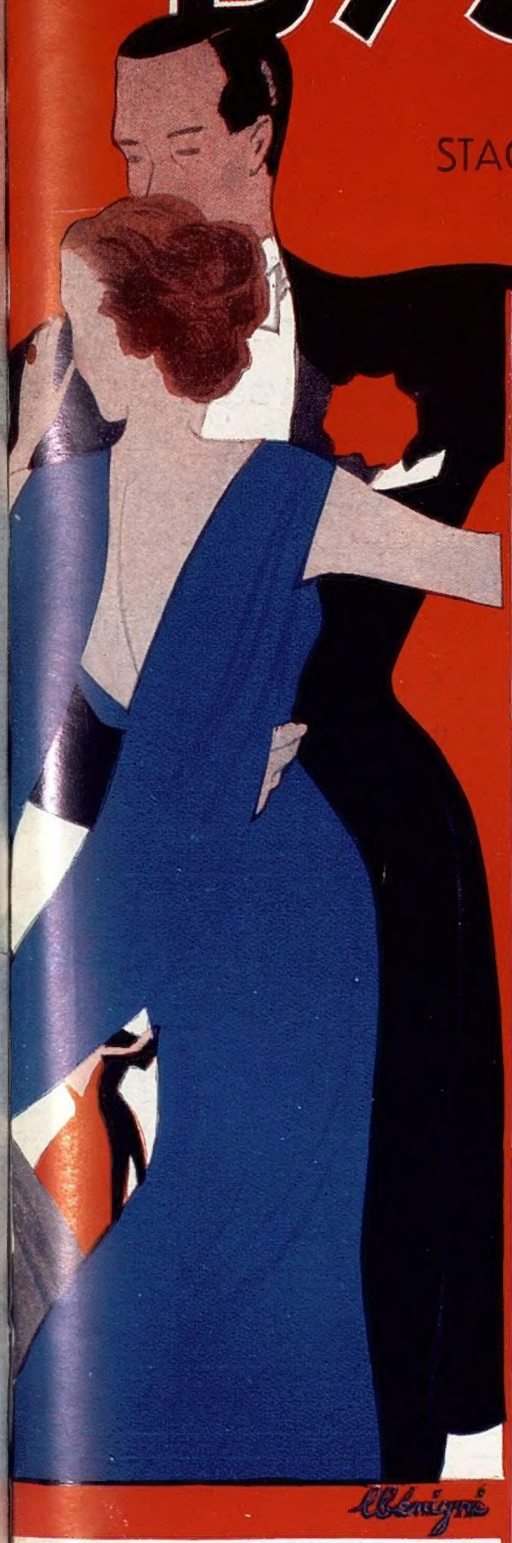
THE BYSTANDER. FEBRUARY 19, 1936

The BYSTANDER

STAGE SOCIETY GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

"Bystander" Short Story : Winter Sports

1/-



DEAF! *Back to HEARING— the Modern Way!*

"MADE-TO-MEASURE" instead of "READY MADE"

NOW the AURAMETER (GRAPH), measuring your Hearing by this latest scientific method—showing what your ears are capable of—lacking and needing, deciding whether "**BONADENTE**" Bone Conduction, "**ARDENTE**" Air Conduction, or "**VIBRADENTE**" Massage Treatment is necessary, the "made-to-measure" method against the old "ready-made" ideas—one type to suit all.

After all, how could you ever hope to get satisfactory results from mass production methods—when even your own two ears differ. What useful purpose can there be in sending "on approval" coupons and hoping one day something will fit—meantime losing your deposit on those which don't? Benefit by our wide experience of thousands of cases in all classes.

NO CONSULTATION FEE, or if unable to call, write or 'phone the Service Secretary for details and "Medical Reports." **FREE HOME TESTS ARRANGED.**

R. H. DENT, (Suite 14) **309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1**

(Coloured building and square clock.) *Mayfair* 1380/1718.

Aberdeen, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Exeter, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Leicester, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle, Southampton.

THE TEA WITHOUT THE TANNIN . . .

THE **DOCTORS CHINA TEA**

Important.—Sold **only** in ¼-lb. & ½-lb. packets and 1-lb. canisters.

Priced at **2/8, 3/2, 3/10** and **4/4 per lb.**

Harden Bros. & Lindsay Ltd., 30 Mincing Lane, E.C.3

CVS-136

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"OF RARE MELLOWNESS"

BOLS KÜMMEL

—ALWAYS WITH YOUR COFFEE

Others of the famous Bols Liqueurs made in Amsterdam since 1575 :

CURACAO .. .. an after lunch liqueur.
CHERRY BRANDY .. .. warming.
GOLDEN APRICOT of exquisite bouquet.
CREME DE MENTHE .. aids digestion.
V.O. GENEVA (HOLLANDS) .. one glass a day.

FOR PAIN RELIEF—**take**

GENASPRIN

THE **SAFE** BRAND OF ASPIRIN

6D NEW PACK 10 TABLETS | PER BOTTLE 2/- 50 TABLETS

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE ONE SHILLING ; By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON : 346, Strand, W.C.2. PARIS : 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, viii. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)
The Funniest Musical Sporting Farce ever Staged. Prices 1/6 to 10/6, incl. Tax.
6.15 and 9. "TWENTY TO ONE" Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
LUPINO LANE CLIFFORD MOLLISON

BRITISH HOTELS

WINTERING IN SUMMER SUNSHINE!

St. Leonards is the most sheltered resort on the sunny South Coast, and the Royal Victoria's spacious sun-lounge affords all the warmth of summer sunshine. Centrally-heated bedrooms—draughtless warmth—faultless but unobtrusive service; perf. cuisine... Luxury in everything—fr. 4½ gns. wkly. incl. The hotel that's pleasantly full of interesting people all the year round.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. 'Phone: Hastings 869.

CARLYON BAY

South Cornwall's New Sporting Resort.

Mean Winter temperature within 1° of Cannes.

Golf. Covered and Open-Air Tennis. Squash Rackets. Hunting (3 Packs). Shooting. Fishing. Badminton.

GLORIOUS SEA COAST.

THE CARLYON BAY HOTEL
(St. Austell Bay Hotel)
THE BAYFORDBURY HOTEL
THE CORNISH RIVIERA CLUB

Also a few small modern furnished houses, commanding magnificent sea views, to be let.

Moderate Autumn and Winter Terms. For full particulars apply to General Manager, Carlyon Bay & Beaches, Ltd., Carlyon Bay, Cornwall. Telephone: Par 198; or to London Office, 12A, Charterhouse Square, E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 7847.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

ROYALTY BAR, MONTE CARLO

In its new premises and 2nd entrance on the Blvd. Desmoulins (facing Casino Gardens). The Smartest Rendez-vous for Cocktails. Light Meals. Afternoon Tea. Owned and Managed by FRANCIS.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Paris. — Hotel du Jubilé. — 125 Avenue Champs-Elysées. Opened 1935. Sun and fresh air. Priv. bath and breakfast from 10/6.

Paris. — Hotel Lutetia. — Of universal renown. Every possible comfort. Rooms from Frs. 25.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Spend Winter at the **Htl. Miramar.** Its New Grill—where good taste and good living are insep'ble. All r'ms. with priv. bath.

Cap Martin.—Roquebrune.—Villa Sévigné.—Five min. from Monte Carlo. Famous for its cuisine. H. & C. water. Pens. fr. 28 Frs. up.

Menton.—Hotel des Anglais.—A famous English hotel on sea front. Sunny and quiet. Taken over by Owners. T'ms fr. 4 gns. wkly.

Menton. — The Majestic (Swiss Hotel). — Nearest to Casino, facing gardens, all comfort. Pens. from 4 gns. weekly.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Menton.—Orient Hotel.—A most lux. hotel, cent. sit. 200 rooms. 100 baths. Terms from Frs. 35 per day. Fac. s'th. Prop. L. Brunetti.

Mentone.—Riviera Palace.—200 rooms. Full South. Unrival. views. Park 15 acres. Tennis. Garage. Inclusive terms from Frs. 50.

Nice.—Hotel Angleterre & Grande Bretagne.—Ev. frt. rm. with bal. View on gdn. & sea. Bath & ph. Fr. 25 frs. rm. only & fr. 55 frs. full board.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel du Rhin. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Versailles.—"Le Home Versaillais," 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st-class installation. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Viktoria. — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

VAPEX BRAND TRADE MARK INHALANT

quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

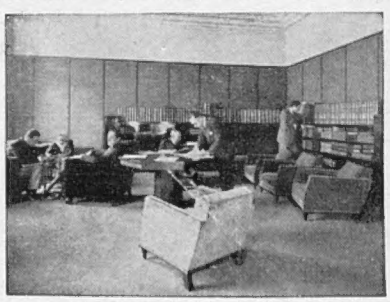
V115A THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge, on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to: PARIS Office: 65-67, Avenue des Champs Elysées *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN Office: Kurfürstendamm, 32 *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.



The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued.*

GERMANY—*continued.*

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—Wld. renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

SPAIN.

Tossa.—Beach Hotel Casa Steyer.—Ideal Mediterranean recreation, all year round. All comforts. From 3 gns. incl. per week.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage—with its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Gstaad.—Hotel Oldenhorn.—3,600 f. Max. sun. Winter Sports. Pens., incl. all taxes and ski school instruction f'm 12 Swiss Frs.

Lausanne. — Belvedere Hotel. — Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Wengen.—Park Hotel Beausite.—1st. cl. Brit. fam. htl., mod. con. Cent. posit. Wint. spts. Orch. In. tms. fr. frs. 14.50. E. Buhlmann, prop.

The Bystander, February 19, 1936

No. 1679. Vol. CXXIX.

The BYSTANDER

Pearl Argyle

In "Things to Come"

Pearl Argyle has an actress's and not a dancer's part in "Things to Come," the great H. G. Wells-London Films picture, which starts its run at the Leicester Square Theatre on Friday. She and Kenneth Villiers stand for the younger generation of 2050, and contribute their share to the New World's progress by volunteering to make the journey round the moon in the huge shell that the Space Gun projects into the unknown. Their unfinished journey gives the film its question-mark conclusion. In real life, Pearl Argyle is a ballerina of the Vic-Wells ballet this season, and also a member of the Ballet Club

Snow News of the Week

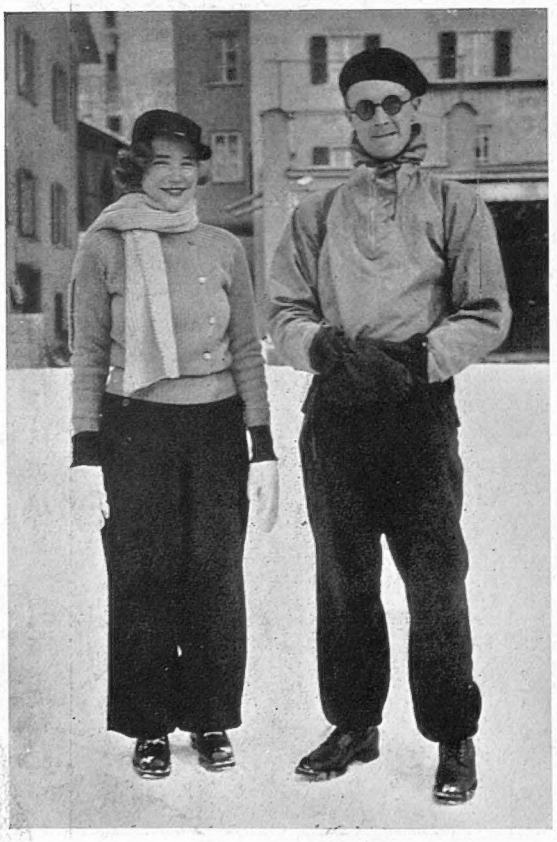
From Austria and Switzerland

Waiting for that Kitzbühl Railway

Miss Joyce Carter, Mr. Rupert de Zoete, and Miss Frances Salkeld were at Kitzbühl, where snow and sun have both been perfect. Frances Salkeld comes from Cumberland, and has a sister, Catherine, on the stage, at present with the Perth Repertory Company

Right: Miss Pamela Nicholl and Mrs. John Barclay were waiting for the "sleigh railway" to take them to the top of the nursery slopes, also at Kitzbühl. Nearly every resort now gives the nursery addicts a mechanical way of making their frequent uphill journeys

Nursery Slopes Contingent

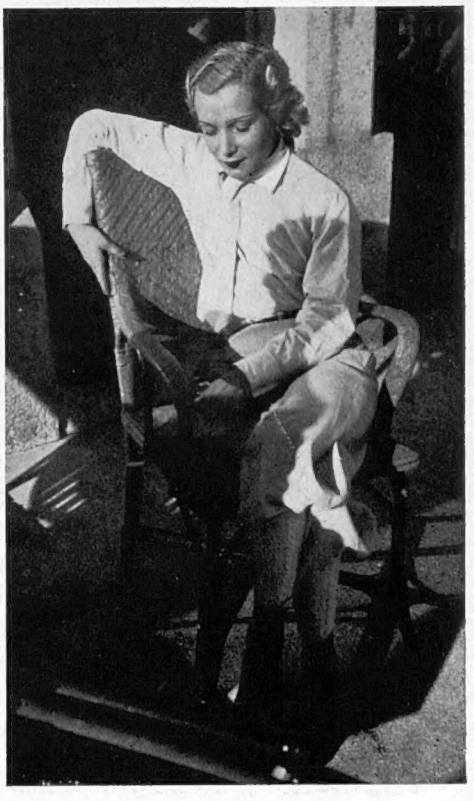


Swiss Honeymoon

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Wingfield-Digby went on to Switzerland from the Riviera to finish their honeymoon on skis. She was Kathleen Kingstone, and is a Canadian; he is Major Frederick Wingfield-Digby's son

Miss Betty Stewart

Was waiting for the Parsenn funicular at Davos. She is the sister of Susan, Countess of Harrington, who married Luke Lillingston two years ago and is the mother of the present Earl



Lady (Keith) Fraser

She and her husband moved on to Switzerland from Kitzbühl a week or two ago, and brought their Austrian guide with them. Lady Fraser was Blanca de Undurraga before her marriage in 1934; her husband succeeded to the baronetcy last year

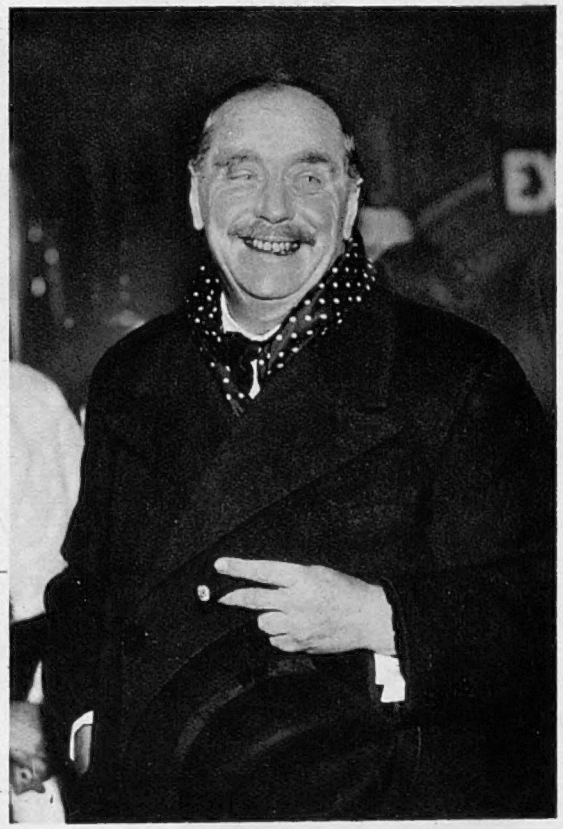
Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

THE MEMBER FOR ROSS AND CROMARTY

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald was back in the House of Commons again last week after his battle with the snow and ice and voters of his Highland constituency. His two thousand majority rewarded a most arduous weather-beaten campaign against a strong Labour candidate, Hector McNeil, Randolph Churchill in his rôle of Independent Conservative, and a Liberal who lost his deposit. He succeeds Sir Ian Macpherson, who is now a peer and was Member for the constituency for twenty-five years. Ramsay Macdonald's son was Labour M.P. for Bassetlaw from 1929 till 1931, then followed his father into the National Government camp, has been Dominions Secretary since last year, is thirty-five years old, and one of the most able and popular of the younger Ministers

Celebrities at Ease

1. *Mrs. Constant Lambert, Frederick Ashton and William Walton*



2. *"H. G." at the Chaplin Première*

3. *Dame Laura Knight, R.A.*

4. *Grey Owl and Lord Lytton*

5. *Norma Shearer, Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Her Peke*

1. At the première of "Apparitions," Sadler's Wells new ballet, were Frederick Ashton, choregrapher of "Apparitions," Mrs. Constant Lambert, wife of the Vic-Wells ballet musical director, and William Walton, the composer

2. Mr. H. G. Wells was one of many celebrities who helped pack the Tivoli for the first showing of "Modern Times." Next Friday, Mr. Wells has his own première with the appearance of "Things to Come"

3. "As outspoken as her painting," Dame Laura Knight's autobiography has just appeared, and it almost coincides with her election as an Academician. Dame Laura is the only woman R.A. alive

4. Madame Levinskaya, the pianist, gave a farewell dinner to Grey Owl, the author of "Sajo and Her Beaver People," and the greatest living expert on beavers. Talking to Grey Owl is Lord Lytton

5. Mrs. Patrick Campbell once left the English stage for Hollywood. Now she leaves Hollywood for a retreat near Lake Arrowhead, where Norma Shearer on holiday from "Romeo and Juliet" visits her

What to Wear at a Wedding

Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P., and Mr. Charles Laughton left convention in their cupboards, and went to Mr. E. D. O'Brien and Miss Sylvia Denny's Chelsea wedding like this. Anyway, why shouldn't these two wear what they like? Afterwards A. P. Herbert went off to the House of Commons to hear the school-leaving age and homework debate, and Charles Laughton may or may not have delivered himself into the hands of the London Films' make-up man who has been working for weeks on the transformation of his face into a Cyrano de Bergerac one, although the film doesn't go into production till March

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Miss Susan Henderson

A Shrove Tuesday Bride

Lovely Susan Henderson is being married on the last day before Lent—February 25th—at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the elder daughter of the late Hon. Alec Henderson and Lady (Murrough) Wilson, and is marrying Mark Pilkington, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Pilkington, of Little Offley, Hitchin, Herts. She was one of the star debutantes of her season, 1934, both for looks and charm. Her younger sister, Rosemary Henderson, who came out last year, is one of her bridesmaids; her cousin, Daphne Henderson, is another; Lady Jane FitzRoy and the Hon. Virginia Brett are also going to wear the green velvet she has unsuperstitiously chosen for her attendants

GOING OUT TO GOINGS·ON

The "Bystander" in Society

IT is at times like the present, when all "design for living" is somewhat quiet and subdued, that we appreciate the smaller restaurants and the grill-rooms that specialise in the best food, really attentive service, and an interesting clientele.

A Decorative Sextet

FROM what we call the "wrong end" of Quaglino's, we observed, the other evening, a decorative sextet, consisting of Lady Ann Hunloke and her husband, Mr. Whitney Straight and his lovely wife, Mr. William Astor, M.P., and Lady Ann Bridgman. We like the severely simple way she does her hair. It emphasises the perfection of her features, and the complete naturalness of her unusual beauty.

Lady Veronica Hornby, in amethyst taffetas, and wearing an outsize ring to match, was dancing with her husband; Mrs. Wyndham occupied the best table in the room, with Mr. Dudley de la Vigne, whose sister, Lady Castlerosse, came in with Mr. Heber Percy.

Where the Powers-that-Be Congregate

WE had a later date that evening at the Savoy Grill, where the powers-that-be in political, theatrical and musical worlds foregather for their late-night-final drink.

Here we saw Miss Sarah Churchill, supping with Vic Oliver, an Austrian who appeared first in cabaret here, and is a success in *Follow the Sun*. Another member of the same company, Miss Elizabeth Corcoran, was at a far-off window table. She is a clever girl, as well as undeniably attractive, and in the present Adelphi show plays a series of minor parts with intelligence and great charm. We *think* she understudied Miss Gertrude Lawrence in *Nymph Errant*, and we *know* that her mother, Mrs. Sykes, is one of the few women we have ever met who has been blown up and buried in an earthquake, and is alive to tell the tale. In Japan it was!

An Object-Lesson in Art

THIS arctic weather, so late in the winter, makes spring seem depressingly remote. The sun and bright-blue sky is just a trap to get us out of doors and allow the wind to freeze the marrow in our bones.

Colds, coughs and 'flu are rife, and only the doctors are reaping a harvest.

Women can look warmer in certain bright colours than in black, which is no help at all, and does not really do a mink coat justice. Anyway, with this nip in the air, our faces are in keeping with the most fashionable colour of the moment, which is bright mauve.

Give us the country in this sort of weather, where woollen socks and fleece-lined boots and two or three coats on top of each other are all that is expected of us. It was not the cold, but an endeavour to be guide, confidante and friend to a country cousin, that took us into the National Gallery on Sunday afternoon. There we saw the Hon. Mrs. Diana Guinness, instructing her small son on the subject of art. She is one of the rare, genuine blue-eyed blondes, whom the prevalent deep mourning suits to perfection.

The Jessel Christening

Timothy Edward Jessel, son and heir of the Hon. Edward and Lady Helen Jessel, and grandson of Lord Jessel and Lord Londonderry, was christened at Holy Trinity, Paddington, with Lady Plunket, Lady Mary Lygon, Lord Castlereagh, his uncle, and Mr. John McKie as godparents

A Special Dish

WE fancy ourselves as advertisement writers no end, and suggested to Mme. Prunier that the slogan: "If it swims, we have it," over the door, would be a grand idea. Visions of Jabez Woolf served up as a special dish, or perhaps Mr. George Morris, who lives near the Channel (at Kingsgate) in order to

The Harrison-Bellew Wedding

Cholmeley Dering Harrison and Corisande Bellew were married at Brompton Oratory. He is the only son of Colonel and Mrs. Cholmeley Harrison, of 31, Alexandra Court, S.W.7, and she is Lord and Lady Bellew's only daughter

Left: Edward Donough O'Brien, son of the late Lieut.-Col. Aubrey O'Brien, and Mrs. O'Brien, and Sylvia Denny, Mr. and Mrs. Court Denny's younger daughter, had a Chelsea Old Church wedding last week. Mrs. Lance Sieveking, the bride's sister, was one of her bridesmaids

Mr. O'Brian and Miss Denny

● Change of Address

On February 28th the "Bystander" moves to its new quarters at Illustrated House, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Telephone: CENTRAL 1010

practise the distance between Dover and Calais just for fun and exercise.

He is supposed, incidentally, to be the best bridge-player of the day, a statement that will doubtless invoke indignation from countless members of clubs scattered all over Great Britain, each extolling the genius of their own star member.

Lunching chez Prunier one day last week, we found Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills and Mrs. McCorquodale, both swathed in magnificent mink coats, and proving by their excessively chic black headgear the smartness of spring millinery.

Brilliant Clowning

YOU must go to the new Chaplin film at the Tivoli with un-made-up eyelashes, and without a headache. You have all read the criticisms by now, and learnt that this is the greatest film ever made by the great little comedian, that laughter and pathos are blended with genius in this one-man effort of his, and that Paulette Goddard is a find in a million. By the way, has it been impressed on you forcibly enough, that you must be in time to see the Mickey Mouse film that precedes the big picture? The polo match played by caricatured film stars is the most brilliant piece of clowning you can ever hope to see.

An Orgy of Orchids

THE one thing to pray for on a big film or theatre first night is fine weather, because traffic becomes impossible, and a long walk from your car to the entrance is inevitable.

Even our marvellous police are helpless with a pack of rabid film fans and determined autograph hunters. Elizabeth Allen and her film-agent spouse, Barry O'Brien, arrived just in time to insure our being jostled and hustled off our feet. We caught a glimpse of Mrs. Sieff in a cloak of tailless ermine, and heard from Mrs. Simon Marks that she is off to Monte Carlo to join Mrs. Archie Campbell, who is recuperating down there after a serious illness.

After the performance, there appeared to be a single-minded trek to the Savoy Grill, which was packed to suffocation. Here we found Lady Ashley supping with the great Alexander Korda; Lady Dudley, just inside the glass screen, with Mr. Arthur de Lissa; Mrs. Brand, wearing "an orgy of orchids," that very pretty girl, Miss Camilla Russell, who we hear has been prevailed upon to become a mannequin at a new and exclusive shop in Bruton Street. She is a great catch in this direction, possessing a pale and exotic charm, in addition to a definitely distinctive dress sense.

The Harold Mosenthals and Aubrey Raphaels were at another table. Tables stretched far out into the hall, and would doubtless have reached the courtyard if the temperature had permitted. Fleeting glimpses of Lord Queensberry and Mr. Guy Lambart entering the restaurant; also of Lady Warwick, in a cape for which many white foxes had been captured.

A Thermometer at Seventy

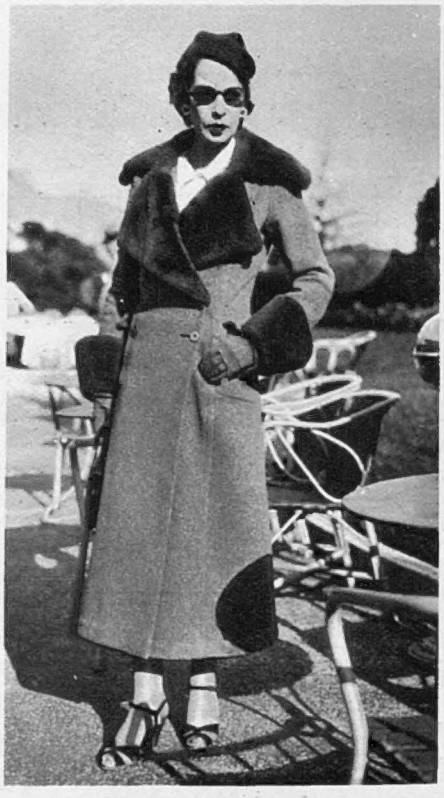
WHILE we shiver around in this grey metropolis, we hear of cloudless skies, a warm temperature, and a thermometer soaring up to seventy at Monte Carlo. The Casino terrace, and the Bar du Soleil have been living up to their reputation as the meeting-place of everyone of note on the Riviera.

The golf course at Mont Agel is in excellent condition, the international tennis tournament starts on the 24th, during which the matches for the Butler Trophy, and the Beaumont Cup for ladies, will be played.

It is expected that the match between Monaco and the Netherlands for the Davis Cup will be played at Monaco on the Condamine courts, after the Easter tournaments. Among the notabilities seen around and about are Lord Iliffe, the Earl and Countess of Durham, the Princesse J. L. de Faucigny-Lucinge, Commander Champion de Crespigny, and Mr. Reginald Purbrick.

Eleanor to Her Friends

A CHARMING couple that we encountered in New York were Mr. and Mrs. Eric Loder, who have been for months



Princess Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge (who was "Baba" d'Erlanger) has been staying at Monte Carlo, which is having a very gala spring season this year

in Canada settling up the affairs of Mrs. Loder's late husband, the Canadian millionaire, Sir Mortimer Davis.

It is good news that they are coming over to London this spring, if only for a visit. Mrs. Loder—"Eleanor" to her friends—is a beautiful woman, with a tall, graceful figure, a flashing smile, and about the best collection of rubies we have ever seen.

"Pallid Charm"

No one uses rouge in America, and faces are worn very pale there. Schoolgirl complexions were never the strong point of Manhattan debs, and liquid lotions and vanishing creams guarantee that powder arrives to stay.

Emphasised eyebrows and eyelashes, and a generous laying-on of lipstick, save these pale faces from insipidity,

English Migrants

Mrs. Archie Campbell and Mrs. J. Bradley Cumings, an American who lives in Paris, were sunning on the Café de Paris terrace at Monte Carlo. Mrs. Campbell went south to convalesce after her serious illness

and particularly on the very young, a magnolia complexion has very great charm.

"A Borrowed Cook"

ONE of the most attractive little mews houses in Knightsbridge has just been taken by Lady Phyllis Allen. It belongs to Mrs. Beryl Mills, who since she has taken up a film career, seems to live in a studio and have little need of a house. We heard of an amusing "hen luncheon" given by Lady Phyllis one day last week, Lady Delamere, Princesse Alphonse de Chimay, Mrs.

Seven Serious Faces

Tullio Corminati, who is over in England to make a film, and Mme. Schiaparelli went together to see "Modern Times"

to the Riviera and Its Traditional and Actual Sunshine

Lady Durham and Lady Stanley are two more of the flock of English migrants who have escaped the gales and frost by going south. They are also at Monte, and so is Lord Durham

Mr. and Mrs. Noel Nickols have gone to Monte Carlo from their Yorkshire fastnesses. She was Bridget Harbord, and he is a half-brother of Mrs. Harold Huth and uncle of Lord Manton

Quintin Gilbey and Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills.

Undeterred by the fact that her new cook walked straight out of the house on being told that eight guests were expected, Lady Phyllis borrowed a cook from a friend, and the party went with a swing.

A Farewell Party?

NOT having included the " San Marco " in our places of call lately, we decided to dine there last Wednesday, and found it as gay, full and decorative as ever. Lord and Lady Melchett were dancing together, Sir Robert Horne took the floor once in a while.

Outside, in the informal part of the restaurant, we saw a large party that had collected to console themselves on the departure of Miss Mala Brand for New York, but both Miss Brand and her mother were in the party, and the Manhattan train had departed " Brandless " at eight-thirty. What did it all mean ? They went on to the Florida, where by some new system you may dance in day clothes in one part of the room, instead of having to wear those odd black academical gowns.

A Sensible Innovation

EARLIER that same evening we had been to say good-bye to Lady Seafield and her husband, who are off to Estoril on Saturday. Mr. Patrick Bellew was there. He is a wise young man to have given his farewell bachelor party two weeks before his wedding. Certainly a sensible innovation when you think of the headaches and hang-overs endured by some of the bridegrooms of the past !

A Skating Fan

LUNCHING at the Embassy last week we decided by *no* means for the first time, that Mrs. Jackie Barnato is one of the most attractive women in London. A chamois leather cap adorned with a bunch of violets that she wore that day, was infinitely becoming. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth was also there that day. She has become a skating fan and spends every afternoon at the Ice Club with her second daughter, Esmé.

Refuses to Leave

MADEIRA sounds like the place of our dreams at the moment. Pretty Bridget Smith-Dorrien, who we all knew selling hats or dashing off to a race meeting, has settled down in a villa there, and refuses to return. Mr. Nick Prinsep has been there with a small party, which included Mrs. Neilson, the wife of an eminent doctor, and at one time Celia Glyn, an eminent revue star.

We are sorry to hear of the untimely death of Toby Prinsep, the elder of the three brothers. He has for years suffered from that comparatively new and most painful illness known as " sinus," of which so many people are now victims.

MISS PEEPS

The BYSTANDER apologises for a mistake in a caption to a snapshot of Miss Jane Falcke, in the issue of February 12th, which incorrectly described Captain Shirley Falcke as her father. She is the daughter of Mr. David Falcke, and Captain Shirley Falcke is her uncle.

Swaebe

nt the Chaplin Film Première at the Tivoli — But That Was On the Way In

Mrs. Dudley Ward was with the Marquis de Casa Maury, whose Curzon Cinema had a première of its own last night with the Guitry film, " Bonne Chance "

Lady Mary Dunn, Mr. Toby Milbanke, and the Hon. Patricia Berry were also in the audience that had first laugh at Mr. Chaplin in his new-old fooling, which is the biggest film success in years and years

Photographs by Anthony

"Apparitions"

Robert Helpmann and Margot Fonteyn in a New Romantic Ballet at Sadler's Wells

THE latest addition to the Sadler's Wells repertoire is a romantic ballet arranged by Constant Lambert to Liszt music, with choreography by Frederick Ashton. Robert Helpmann gives a fine performance as the poet whose laudanum-created dreams form the main tableaux of the story, and Margot Fonteyn dances as beautifully as usual as the woman of his dreams. Cecil Beaton's dresses are quite lovely and contribute enormously to the success of the ballet, which had its first performance last week

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 8.

Constant Lambert

CONSTANT LAMBERT who, with William Walton, may be regarded as one of the two leading English composers of the younger school, was born in London in 1905. There was no music in the family, but his father was an A.R.A. and became the official artist to the Australian Expeditionary Force, while his brother Maurice is the sculptor who has done so many of the reliefs in the Queen Mary.

CONSTANT learnt music in the ordinary way, but started composing at the age of nine for concerts at the Bluecoat School. At that time his forte was the piano, though no one would suspect it now, and when he reached the Royal College of Music where he studied under Vaughan Williams he gave it up for composition and conducting. (To-day he is a teacher there.) The next step in his career was a ballet which he wrote at the age of twenty and which Diaghileff took. It was called *Romeo and Juliet*. He also did one for Nijinski's sister which was performed in Buenos Aires. A somewhat unsettled period then ensued. He played the piano at schools of dancing. He became film critic for a French newspaper. He even served behind the counter in a bookshop in Holborn when its owner, whose tenant he was, wanted to go out and do her shopping. It was then that he wrote *Rio Grande*, though it was not performed in public for another two years—in Manchester.

COMPOSITION in England being merely an expensive hobby and in no sense an income, Constant Lambert had to find still other ways to keep a roof comfortably over his head. Thus we find him writing the music for *Jew Süss* when it was put on at the Duke of York's, and even conducting the theatre orchestra. Then the Camargo people secured him as their principal chap with the baton and by easy stages he drifted to Vic-Wells, while he free-lanced in Fleet Street, and married his exotic-looking little wife, the former Florence Kaye. To-day he lives in a tiny house off Knightsbridge, composing away for dear life, with his wife and eight-months'-old son and heir. So far he has never written either for the films or for the dance bands. For he finds that he can never write to order, and when he has too much work to do has to sit down and play patience.

HIS bugbears are hiking, all-Bach concerts, Nuremberg, Florence, and the other centres of self-consciously organised art. His admiration for modern composers goes to Sibelius, Alban Berg, Van Dieren and William Walton. For sheer enjoyment he likes to play the works of Purcell and Liszt. Constant Lambert has a big head and tousled hair. He is usually in a short-sleeved blue shirt which emphasises the plumpness of his arms. He talks fast, likes cigars, and is a habitué of the Café Royal.

CHARLES GAY

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Infinite Variety

"Follow the Sun" (Adelphi Theatre)

THERE are people who think that Charles B. Cochran can do no wrong, and that all his productions hit the bull's-eye every time: again, there are others who assume a supercilious air and praise with faint damns; but in this case there should certainly be a universal verdict of hats off to C. B. C., the showman par excellence. *Follow the Sun* is first, last, and middle bits too, a Show; it is a three hours' feast for the eye, with some very delightful music thrown in. It may seem ungracious to suggest that there is too much of a good thing, but actually it is very difficult to take it all in on one evening—it needs to be seen again and again. And that is good showmanship, too!

ANTICIPATION suggested that the itinerary of some super-cruise would be followed, with scenes from the various ports at which the liner called; but not at all. We leapt lightly hither and thither, from Bethlehem to Cuba, from the Court of the Princess of Orange to an Edwardian (the Seventh) shooting party, with a spot of English home life in between.

However, what does sequence of ideas matter in such a show, full as it is of infinitely varied spectacle; sometimes gorgeous with exotic tropical colours, sometimes showing the most delicate symphony in pearly greys?

And the dancing! No matter what your favourite type of dancing may be, you will see some of it, and all of it good. An outstanding feature is the Cuban episode, with Ciro Rimac conducting his native orchestra; a most engaging member of his troupe is Charley Boy, who appears to be completely filleted. He danced with amazing dexterity and the happiest smile, obviously enjoying it all as much as the audience did. In contrast to this vivid scene was a charming little number, "Polonaise," in which the dancers were shown in silhouette, and it seemed a pity that the charm was dispelled by the lights coming on more fully at the end.

THE singing of Irene Eisinger was of a different calibre to that usually heard in revue: her voice is clear and sweet and her whole personality very appealing. She was particularly effective in "The Three Holy Kings," a religious subject, which, though it was carried out in lovely colouring and design, yet seemed to strike a false note and be out of place.

CLAIR LUCE has innumerable opportunities, which she does not neglect, of showing what she can do, from the original little Tap Ballet in which she bewitches her pursuers into dancing with her, to the more dramatic song scena, "Dangerous You," with which she brought down the house.

Arthur Swartz has contributed some pleasant music, much of which is sure to catch on. "Love is a Dancing Thing" is a haunting tune and people will undoubtedly soon be asking each other vocally, "How high can a little bird fly?"

HUMOUR is seldom a strong suit in a Cochran revue, but Ronald Jeans's playlet, "The Younger De-Generation," is an amusing trifle, showing the effects of bringing young people up to be perfectly natural. Another good sketch is "An Englishman's Home," by John Hastings Turner, in which we see the daughter of the house trying to introduce her fiancé to the family circle, while they remain entirely absorbed in their parlour games. The young man finally attracts their attention by playing "Rule, Britannia," a startlingly plain British sound to hear in a show that has so much that is not British at all.

Paul Meeres and Barbara Meade are still "following the sun" in their first-class adagio dance; below them Jeni le Gon is mighty pleased with her "bran' noo soot"

What Subaltern wouldn't fall for Claire Luce as a spy, especially when this "Lady with the tap" taps to such a background? Vic Oliver (right) supplies the only humour in the show with his well-known fiddle act

Sketches by Rouson

Photographs by Houston Rogers

"Dangerous You"

Claire Luce in One of Her "Follow the Sun" Numbers

A bright and beautiful star is Claire Luce in the glittering constellations that unastronomically "Follow the Sun" at the Adelphi. She dances gloriously well (didn't she dance with Fred Astaire in "Gay Divorce"?), sings charmingly and does so several times, is a talented and versatile actress, and wears all the extremely attractive dresses that have been designed for her with a sort of nonchalant elegance. "Dangerous You" is one of her dancing numbers in which Robert Lynden, who teams well with her, also appears

John Everard

PASSING SHOWMEN: Familiar Figures in the London Scene

No. 7. A clever young accordionist who plays around the Mayfair streets, but was too shy to tell even his name

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

Standing By . . .

By "The Bystanders"

THE drastic restrictions on the powers of coroners recommended by the Home Secretary's Commission will curb a great deal of fantastic loquacity, and not before curbing was due. Mentioning no names and inflicting no pack-drill, we expect you 've often been amused and aghast at the way some coroners go about their duties. Not content with trying to discover how an old lady died or an old gentleman was run over, numbers of them go in for moral, political, and social homilies, censorious in character and touching freely and impressively on such varied world-topics as mixed bathing, the Nazi régime, vegetarianism, Channel swimming, fruit-gum machines, Imperial Preference, third-party insurance, sterilisation, armaments, the Road Acts, billposting, the film censorship, strikes, bottle-parties, trained elephants, and almost anything you can think of.

The rage for publicity probably accounts for most of it. One or two coroners' names must be as familiar to you from the daily Press as the names of Chaplin and Garbo. This is a mildly comic aspect, but there are others.

It is common knowledge that coroners have now and again, not being bound by ordinary laws of evidence, behaved like a mixture of King Solomon, Ivan the Terrible, and the High Pishposh of Pooh, bullying witnesses in a most extraordinary manner, trying people, and overriding everybody. It has apparently been known also—since the Commission mentions the point—for a coroner, having finished his inquest, to appear in his professional capacity as a solicitor in the subsequent proceedings; which seems rather odd. Obviously reforms were long overdue, and the Commission is pretty sweeping.

They go a bit far, probably, in recommending that the verdict of "Felo de se" or "Suicide while of unsound mind" should be abolished in favour of "Died by his (or her) own hand." There 's a delicate theological point involved which is pretty important to millions of people, and we don't think any modern amateur theologian—even star tennis-players or Auntie James Douglas—are competent to decide it.

Golden Gasper

A TOBACCO emperor, belonging to a British trust which has just announced a trading profit for last year of a cool—why cool?—of a hot ten million pounds, explains this gratifying situation to some extent by the fact that three out of every four adults in Great Britain smoke at least ten cheap cigarettes each a day. This state of affairs has taken only about fifty years to develop, if the traditional story is right about cigarette-smoking in this country having come in after the Crimean War. Personally, we 'd put it a little earlier. Tennyson's Maud ("And the scent of the Woodbine is wafted abroad") obviously liked a gasper at the garden gate. She was probably blowing smoke through her nose all the time the anguished poet was doing his stuff.

Did she smoke any other kind? She 'd have to have been clever enough in those far-off days to roll them herself, as cowboys do. (Many cowboys can do it one-handed—just a flick of their little bag of "makings," a quick deft roll, and a lick like a lizard's; it 's pretty to watch.) Perhaps Rawlinson the butler did it for her. Anyhow, the gasper 's made a lot of progress since then. It hasn't any bouquet and it isn't really very nice, but how can you do without it? Eh? We 'd like to know.

Those cheap black Havana cigarettes Spaniards smoke are more fragrant and satisfying, but thirty or forty of those a day can't be good. The obvious compromise is to smoke only those fine fat expensive Egyptians — "editor's gaspers" we call them in the Profession—and fewer of them. But that, again, invariably puts ideas into our head. We ring fiercely for all sorts of people and give them hell and fire them, all quite automatically. This we 're genuinely sorry for afterwards, especially if they turn out to have been Hugh Walpole or Einstein or Ethel Mannin or somebody. Gaspers, on the contrary, keep us docile and subservient, a cog in the industrial machine.

There 's a big sociological question embedded somewhere in this, but we haven't time to work it out. The Editor of the *Spectator* gave us our first literary job, opening cabs at the door. "They 're cipher there than indoors," he said. That about sums us up, and we blame intensive gasper-smoking for it.

"He used to be the big noise at the Braemar gatherings"

Master-Clown

THE new Chaplin film throws more than a little light on the books that great clown keeps at home. We 've been assured pretty often that Mr. Chaplin is a Big Constructive Thinker, a fit playmate for his boy friend, H. G. Wells (who is also one, they say), and that he likes nothing better than to curl up of an evening with a good book by Plato. This kind of news has always thrown us into a fearful state of composure, but we *have* discovered something concrete from *Modern Times*, namely, that Mr. Chaplin's library at Beverly Hills certainly includes the stories of O. Henry.

Remember the one about the tramp who longed for prison and couldn't get himself arrested whatever he did? Magnified and illuminated by the Chaplin genius, this seems to be the primal nub, so to speak, of *Modern Times*, and don't think for a moment we 're crabbing Mr. Chaplin for annexing it. Molière and Shakespeare stole practically all their plots, the big copycats. G. Bernard Shaw has publicly admitted sneaking most of his best-advertised cracks from Samuel Butler, who got them from Voltaire. (They 're better as Voltaire wrote them, too.) Only a triple idiot and Bœotian chump would howl "Plagiarism!" when a genius takes an idea from somebody else and makes it better. In any case, there *are* only thirty-seven dramatic plots. A French savant analysed and classified them some years ago, and they apply to every play ever written, from the *Agamemnon* to *Anything Goes*. Or so this savant claimed, and we 're hanged if we 'll take the trouble to look 'em all up.

Chaplin doesn't talk in his new picture—he just makes fantastic noises, all good. Nearly everything he does is good. A French theatre critic claims that he is the direct descendant and heir, artistically speaking, of the Neapolitan comedian, Pulcinella, of the old Commedia dell' Arte. Our own Punch (he of Punch and Judy, naturally, not the terribly refined tenant of 10 Bouverie Street) is just a sadistic and brutal lout compared with either. As if you cared! We must be crazy to pour out all this erudition on you.

"Come on, Bert, don't sulk"

"Why, his own mother wouldn't know him now, would she?"

Rendezvous

IN spite of concrete works to check it, Richmond Hill is palpably moving down towards the river, "at the rate of one to three inches daily," said a surveyor the other day. The Terrace Gardens looked a few days ago as if a little earthquake had upheaved them.

It seems to us a long-delayed gesture on the part of Nature. In Victorian and Edwardian days masses of Forsytes, with or without their little lady friends of the ballet, used regularly to drive out on summer nights from Town in hansoms and victorias and barouches to admire the well-known view with well-fed stolidity. ("Pooty little view," one of Galsworthy's graven images calls it, very justly.)

Nowadays nobody has time to admire anything, being so frantically anxious to get somewhere else very quickly, and in our opinion, Nature resents the insult. If they don't damn well want it (says Nature firmly to herself, her opulent bosom heaving with annoyance) they needn't damn well have it. So hey below, there, and mind your eye.

A faded fragrance of patchouli and greasepaint and Macassar Oil seems to hang over Richmond, as over Maidenhead. When the Star and Garter was an inn all the whiskered beaux took their actresses there. If you 've ever read the works of that whimsy bore,

Mr. Charles Lamb, you may remember the story of his friend Merry, who was about to marry a ballerina and ordered his wedding-breakfast at the Star and Garter. When the mummers arrived in all their glory Merry took one agonised look at the collection, slipped out of the back door, and sailed next day for America. Later generations of men-about-town had stouter hearts.

Incidentally, where is the Stage-Door Johnny now? They say the Great War killed him. The odd thing is that his mere physical type has vanished almost completely. Ask your father. The Johnny never varied. He had a very small head, egg-shaped, and containing nothing whatsoever, a very high collar, a centre parting, an exquisite top hat, and a gold-knobbed cane, the knob serving him presumably as an ivory ring serves a baby, for teething purposes. He lived between Albany and the Gaiety, and the last folk-song about him appears to have been sung circa 1910 in *Our Miss Gibbs*:

> "We mayn't be great
> In in-tel-lect,
> But we are, we are, we are—
> *So* correct!"

He must have offspring alive to-day. We can't think they can be terribly interesting.

Fane Goings On

The mild fuss among the antiquarians over demolishing All Hallows, the Wren church in Lombard Street, or at least removing its interior elsewhere, has evoked one lively letter at least. Writing to a daily, a rather bored gentleman recommended the Bishop of London to stick to his tennis, remarking that fifteen Wren fanes in the City have been pulled down in the last fifty years and that the mock-Gothic churches built out of the proceeds in the outer suburbs are more than half empty on Sundays. (And where, we inevitably asked ourselves, looking round, is Sir John Squire, who was saving City churches like mad a few years ago? Has he got tired of this particular crusade? The last public appeal of his we read in *The Times* concerned a statue to the inventor of Stilton cheese. What's all this? Hey?) We don't remember much about the interior of All Hallows, Lombard Street, but it's apparently one of the better ones. Quite a few of Wren's other churches are unbeautiful and would, we think, be no great loss. The Erastianism of their period envelops them like a chill, damp pall, and they seem haunted by the spirits of bushy-periwigged cits whose God was forty per cent. Whether it is a good thing to pull them down in favour of erecting uninspired, half-empty churches in the suburbs is a debatable matter. At least Wren's temples hold memories of the Great Fire, of the Dutch wars, of Charles II. and Evelyn and Pepys and Defoe.

Have you, by the way, talking of such things, ever looked at Defoe's history of the Plague? It is superb, and almost entirely fake. Defoe was a first-class journalist, and if he were alive to-day we know which paper he'd be on. (So do you.) Amazing exclusive despatches from Our Special Correspondent, Daniel Defoe, would appear on the front page, revealing *e.g.*, that Hitler's real name is George Parbury Wilkinson and touchingly describing the modest rose-covered cottage of his aged parents at Mudhook, Wilts. ("A gentle silver-haired woman, bowed with years but flushed with pride, sat in her quiet Wiltshire parlour to-night and described to me in quavering tones for the first time how George Parbury Wilkinson, her idolised son, became Dictator. The lamplight glinted. . . .") Defoe's salary would be £3000 a year and he'd have a clause in his contract saying they couldn't fire him at any time at the request of a cross actress. What ho!

Gift Dept.

The sequence of social-satirical lyrics of the type of "Miss Otis Regrets," "Thank You So Much, Mrs. Lowseborough-Goodby," and "Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs. Worthington" (or whatever the name is—we've heard variants) seems to have stopped for the time being.

If Cole Porter or any of his imitators are looking round for inspiration we offer them gratis an idea passed to us the other night by a naval man. It seems that nowadays a great many Admiralty communiqués to the Fleet begin, "Their Lordships view with growing concern . . ." This seems to us rather a good song-refrain. THE BYSTANDERS.

THE PRESS-GANG

No. 13.—"Men Only"

Almost every week there's seen
Some new picture magazine
Planned to charm the eye of modern misses;
Women's hats and women's clothes,
Women's these and women's those,
Women's kids and cats and cooks and kisses.
All are written up ad lib.
For those who sprang from Adam's rib.

How refreshing, then, to find
Someone still can keep in mind
Those poor mutts who merely find the money,
And ignoring feminine
Interests strike out a line
That the "speaker" sex may think is funny
Since the very daring plan
Is just to cater for mere man.

A Jimmy Wilde in size, it packs
A punch that many a mag. lacks
Thus proving it is what one might term gutful
For its prose and pictures are
(Using the vernacular)
Far from "sissy" or "just too-too," but full
Of honest and full-blooded meat
That suits the manly man a treat.—B. W.

"Home, James"

FILMS of the DAY

The Stars Behind the Stars

By GEORGE CAMPBELL

"Anything Goes"

The Hollywood version of the Wodehouse-Bolton-Cole Porter revue is at the Plaza this week. Charlie Ruggles takes Sydney Howard's crook clergyman part; Bing Crosby replaces Jack Whiting as juvenile lead, and Ethel Merman takes the part Adèle Dixon played at the Palace Theatre

Angela Salloker and Rudolf Forster in "Hohe Schule"

The famous riding school is the setting of the new Austrian film at the Academy, with Rudolf Forster as hero and chief riding exponent. He is known in England for his performances in "Morgenrot" and, with Bergner," in "Traumende Munde." Angela Salloker was Joan of Arc in the German film about her, shown not long ago. Erich Engel directed

THE other day they had a fire at Elstree. A descriptive writer's orgy: you know, pillars of smoke, bits of *As You Like It* trodden in the mud, flames overhead and ice beneath the firemen's feet, and some scores of stars and big executives gazing with mixed feelings while Schiaparelli models, six sound stages, and Clive Brook's wigs all went up in smoke.

But we needn't go into all that. Nor dwell on Anna Neagle rushing from her Elstree home; Sydney Howard drifting to and fro with those gestures of the hands (more than ever ineffective); Bergner shrugging wistful shoulders; Anna Sten looking Orientally inscrutable; and all the rest of the varied team—clowns and leading men, heroines and grotesques, Roedean ingénue and "character: female; speciality charwomen and other Cockney types; able to clog-dance and yodel"—that gathered to watch the spectacle. A fascinating lot. Let's leave them to the photographers and press agents.

Instead, let us take this opportunity of looking at a few of the men lured by the emergency into the firelight—not so bright as limelight, perhaps, but enough to give us some idea of the big executives of Elstree, the men who decide what sort of entertainment you and I shall see: the stars behind the stars.

FIRST, in order of seniority, comes John Maxwell, head of British International, present at the fire in spirit even though his flesh was touring somewhere in his native Scotland. Very Scotch is J. M.—the embodiment of everything that humorists mean by dry, pawky, canny and dour—and a bit of a wit to boot; though just how much these dry Scotch speakers really owe to a sense of humour, and how much to an accent and delivery that the rest of the world has agreed to consider funny, it would be hard to say.

Mr. Maxwell's career has been odd, to say the least of it. Until early middle age he was a small-town solicitor, with no prospect of ever being anything else. Somehow, he acquired an interest in a cinema, and made it pay, and then another, and another, until he had the experience and money to take the road—the road that Johnson described to poor Boswell as the best road a Scotsman ever sees—the road that leads south to London.

HE came south, and went into film-renting. The hard-boiled fellows, the Wardour Street wise-guys, thought in their innocence they would take John Maxwell for a ride. In ten years he has built up a chain of three hundred cinemas, second only to Gaumont-British's four hundred, and is head of B.I.P. studios as well. Not bad for a provincial Scot, even if his films seldom call for all four stars. "You say in your paper that my company produces tripe," he said accusingly to a well-known critic. "They *are* tripe!" was the spirited reply. "You got it wrong," said J. M. "You should have said 'box-office tripe.'" Which was typical of the man and his policy.

All kinds of reports have been spread about John Maxwell—that he was about to buy up Gaumont-British and make himself the British film Czar; that he was due for a baronetcy; and so on and so forth. The one thing that is certain is that this slow-spoken, poker-faced, cynical Scot of sixty is a big factor in British films, and looks like becoming bigger.

THEN there is his right-hand man, Walter Mycroft, B.I.P.'s director of productions. Probably you remember when Mycroft was film critic on the *Evening Standard*. A high-brow of highbrows, in those days—a founder of the Film Society, an ardent fan of Eisenstein and Pudovkin and the rest of the *montage* boys.

Then he joined B.I.P. as scenario editor, and showed such executive ability that John Maxwell gave him charge of the whole output. There was no more talk of *montage*. He believes now in giving the public exactly what they want. If their tastes be uncouth and their foreheads villainously low, Mycroft doesn't care tuppence. They used to be readers. Now they are customers, and didn't a wise man from the West coin the aphorism that the customer's always right?

NEXT door to B.I.P. is the British and Dominion outfit. Two outstanding personalities here—Herbert Wilcox and Captain Richard Norton. Wilcox is Irish (born at Cork), with typical Irish colouring—blue eyes and dark hair—and a trace of an Irish accent still. At forty-three he is a veteran of British films. He has been making pictures ever since his demobilisation in 1919; made a hit ten years ago with *Nell Gwyn* (with a bath scene worthy of de Mille), and proved, with *Nell Gwyn* and *Peg of Old Drury*, that he is a real director. In addition to which he is the best press agent in the business, always thinking up new stunts that sometimes make me wonder whether he hasn't missed his vocation. In America he'd have been a second Barnum.

WHAT shall I say of the others? It would be tempting to linger on Max Schach, the smallest producer in the business, and one of the cleverest and most impressive; but Schach is only a visitor to Elstree—after *Love in Exile* he moves out Korda's way.

Then there is Dr. Eugene Frenke, Anna Sten's Russian husband, dark of hair and eye, full of restless vitality and fire. But he, too, is only a tenant for a picture or two. The same might be said of Dr. Czinner, Miss Bergner's director-husband: a sandy-haired man who is another exception to the rule that in golf, bridge, and movies husbands and wives make poor partners.

AND, by way of climax, Joe Grossman, for years studio manager at B.I.P., and head of the studio's famous fire brigade. The jokes about Joe Grossman's fire brigade! The trade Press has roasted him unmercifully.

Now, after all the jeers, Grossman has had his chance. When the great fire broke out his brigade was first on the job; and if half the studio was burned he can always point to the other half that might have gone up too but for all the years of polishing of engine and buttons and helmets (both of them) in Grossman's Own Brigade.

Norman Parkinson

Beverley Nichols

Traveller, Cottager, Pacifist and Bachelor

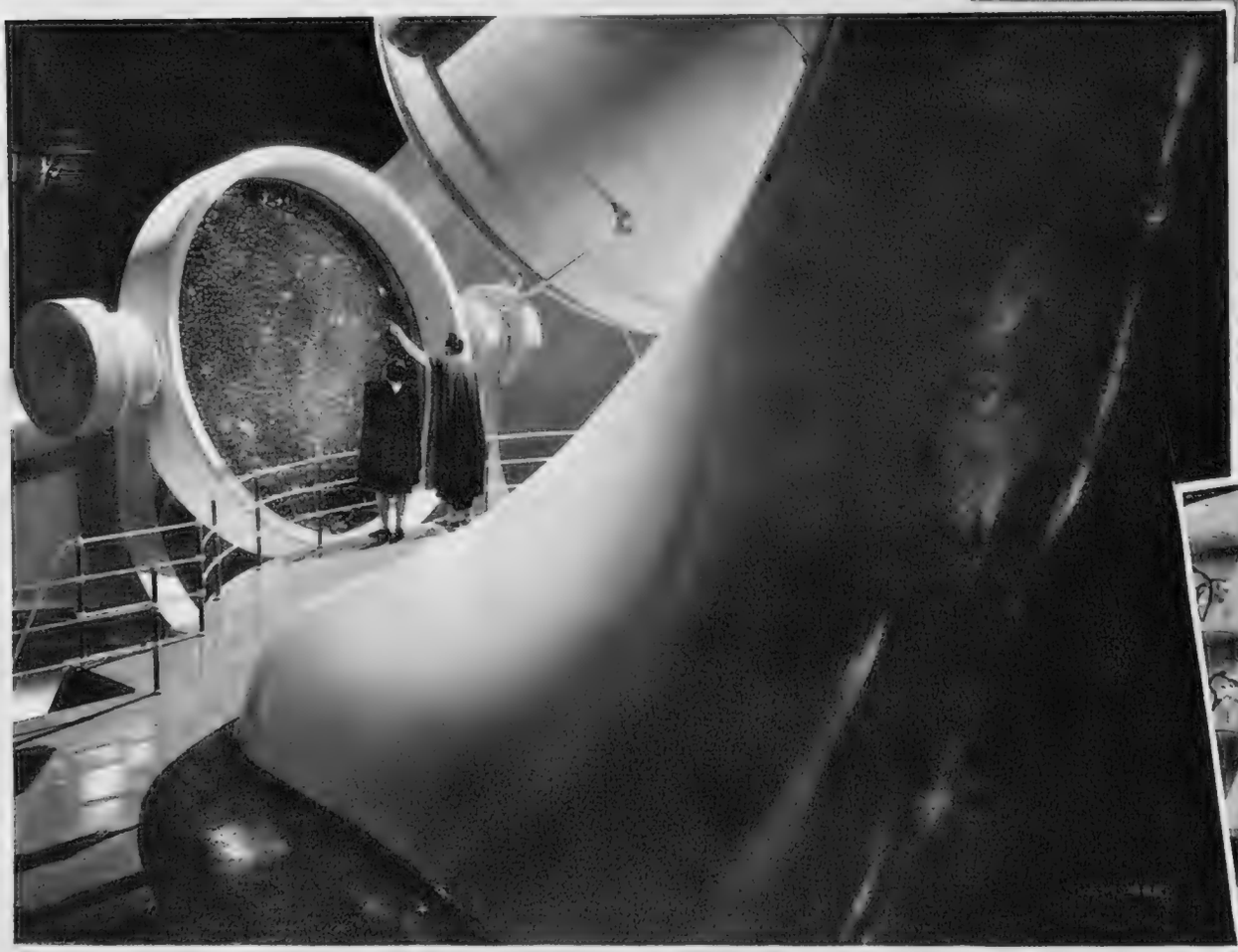
In 1899 little Beverley Nichols was born in Bristol, destined to become the creative portent of a versatile age. He went to Marlborough, ("Prelude"). He went to Oxford, ("Patchwork"). Visits to Greece, America and Australia all produced books ("Twenty-Five," "The Star-Spangled Manner" and "Evensong"). Pacifism urged him to "Cry Havoc!" The whole English-speaking world knows of his cottage in Huntingdonshire—the centre of "Down the Garden Path," "A Thatched Roof" and "A Village in a Valley." Now he turns to the religious problem in "A Fool Hath Said," to be published this spring. That is Beverley Nichols' record at thirty-seven—some score of successful creations, including five plays and a Cochran revue (1930). When Mr. Nichols saw the photographer's background, typifying his rustic trilogy, he said, "put me in some cats": and there they are

State Conference — Old Style

After decades of warfare, Everytown returns to a semi-savage state, ruled by a dictator, "The Boss" (Ralph Richardson) and his mistress (on left; Margaretta Scott). This part of H. G. Wells's scenario is reminiscent of the end of "The War in the Air"

State Conference

A.D. 1970 sees the last resources of a group of airmen at (Raymond Massey). René the future for this London Film who directed, has been with the



Following the Course of Travellers to the Moon

Above: the last scene of "Things to Come" shows the beginning of a voyage to the moon by Katharine and Maurice (Pearl Argyle and Kenneth Villiers), while their respective fathers (Raymond Massey and Edward Chapman) watch the voyage through a huge telescope. The gun from which the travellers are fired was built 1500 feet high on the set

Right: the largest set in England was built by London Films at Denham for the "City Ways" of 2054 A.D., and 750 extras were employed to fill it. Music for the film was composed by Arthur Bliss, and its recording directed by Muir Mathieson

"Things to Come"

H. G. Wells and London Films Turn a Vast Telescope on the Future

— New Style

of civilisation in the hands Basra, led by John Cabal Hubert designed the clothes of production. Nigel Menzies, Air Arm of the U.S. Navy

Right : Ann Todd, Derrick de Marney, Ralph Richardson, Margaretta Scott, and Abraham Sofaer watch with mixed feelings the arrival in Everytown of the first 'plane since a world-crippling war

The First 'Plane for Twenty Years

Leicester Square Theatre, from February 21st

The City of the Future

The New and the Old

Raymond Massey, as the airman of the new world, gazes at the fallen Boss of Everytown (Ralph Richardson), who made a last stand for prehistoric instincts. The victory of the airmen is due to a sleeping gas, whose clouds necessitated very skilful photography

New York Fa

A French Photographer Visits the St

The Hackneyed, Breath-Taking Skyline

Photographs by Schall, Paris

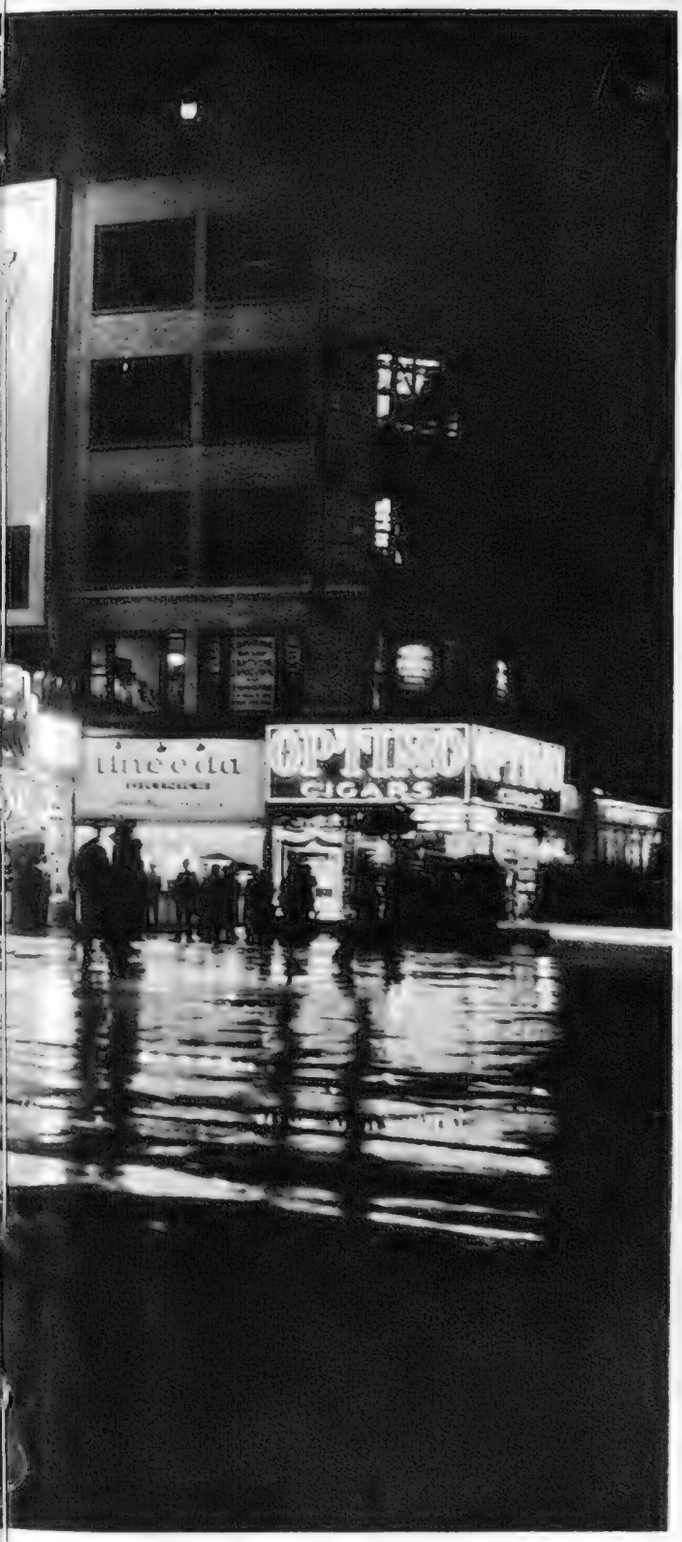
City Night Piece from Central Park

Broadway Rhythm — Road Safety Campa

ROGER SCHALL, the French photographer, went off to New Y of American — "Okay, baby." Disdaining nothing that would c said of Paris and London, he photographed the City sights grea blazons, negroes on the side walk. For English eyes, this fantasia sky-line from the river; the Broadway poster with a punch in take without a jolt; and the night scenes which effortlessly distil into

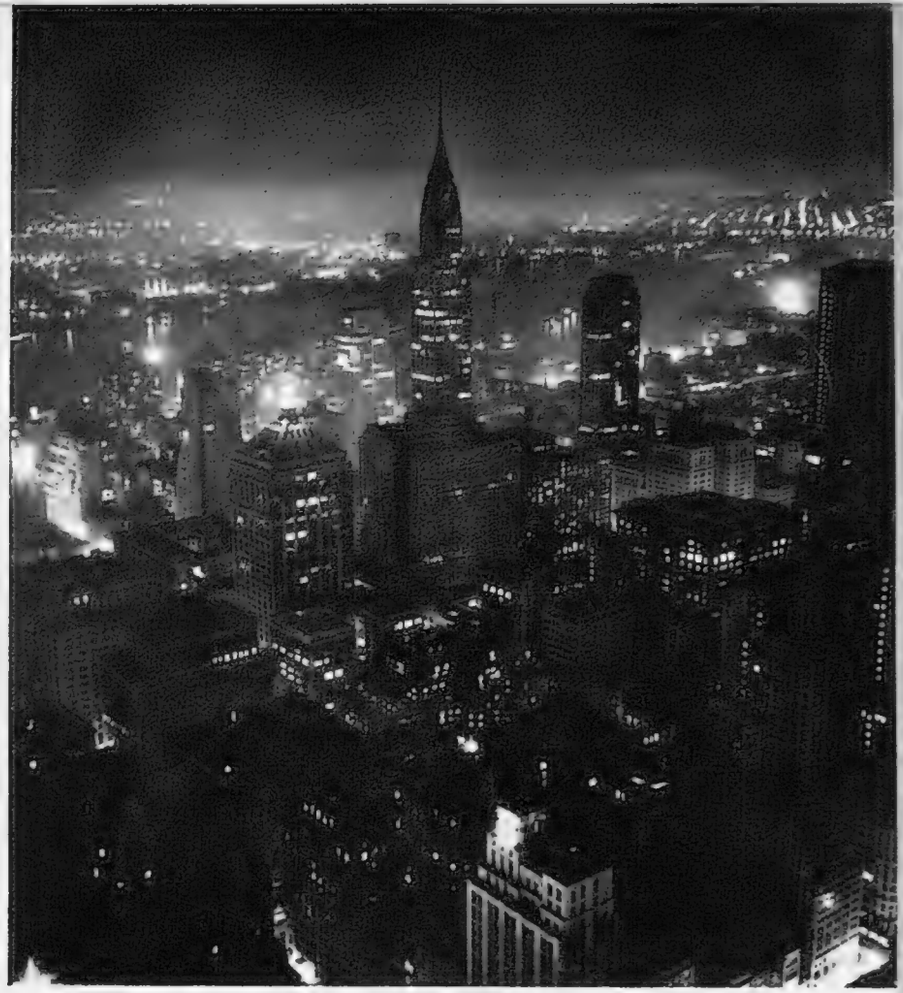
antasia . . .

Strangest City in the World



mpaign Tops the Cafés' Glitter

w York last year, speaking, so they say, two words uld convey of New York what his camera has already great and small—skyscrapers, floor shows, neon-light tasia of big views is the choice: the irresistibly typical h in it that even now a European susceptibility can't il into the imagination the splendid absurdity of the place



A Skyscraper Fairyland Emerges by Night

Below: Radio City Greets the Moon with a Blaze of Light

Miss Helen Blane

Snow-caked, exhausted and determined, Helen Blane (G.B.) arrived at the finish of the Ladies' Downhill Race. She was twenty-fifth in the Combined Downhill and Slalom Championship

Miss Jeannette Kessler

The heroine of the British women's team passes the last flag in the Slalom. She was eighth in the Championship, and Miss Evelyn Pinching was ninth

Olympic Skiers

Winners and Losers in Downhill and Slalom Events at Garmisch

Fröken Schu-Nilsen

Laila Schu-Nilsen, the thirteen-year-old Norwegian ski-ing champion, won the Ladies' Downhill Race in 5 min. 4 sec., was fifth in the Slalom, and took third place in the Championship

Fräulein Christl Cranz

Won the Women's Olympic Ski-ing Championship for Germany; she was sixth in the Downhill, but first in the Slalom with a record time. Her sixteen-year-old brother, Rudi Cranz, was sixth in the Men's Championship

Two Norwegian Beauties

The one in the cap is Fröken Johanne Dybwad who was seventh in the Ladies' Championship; her blonde companion is another Norwegian ski-ing expert, Fröken Eli Petersen

The Start of the Ladies' Downhill Race on the Difficult Course at Garmisch

Birger Ruud

The Norwegian ski-ing champion won the Downhill Race brilliantly, taking 4 min. 47 sec. for the 3·3 kilometre course. He was sixth in the Slalom, and ended up fourth in the combined Championship results, Franz Pfnür, the German skier, being the winner

Last Lap

The finish of the Downhill Race course of 3·3 kilometres which took the fastest man 4 min. 47 sec., and the fastest woman 5 min. 4 sec. to complete. The leading skier in the picture is Fröken Schu-Nilsen, who won the Ladies' Race

Norwegian Ski-Jumpers

These three champion jumpers from Norway are Kongsgaard, Birger Ruud and Hans Beck, who took part in the jumping events last Sunday

Howard Coster

McKNIGHT KAUFFER: ARTIST AND POSTER KING

Edward McKnight Kauffer, the most brilliant and original poster-designer in England, was born in the State of Montana, U.S.A. But he pitched his tent over here in 1914, after scene-painting in the American theatre, learning art at night school, and working in Munich and Paris. He started poster designing for the Underground, and has done some of his most creative and typical work for them. By his handling of lettering and alternating colours he evolved a new technique of design that has had a hundred imitators and is his most obvious contribution to the poster progress from commercialism to art. The crowing cock for Eno's and the sculptural horses for B.P.-Ethyl are probably his best-known single designs. He illustrates books, too—Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," "Don Quixote," and Birkenhead's "The Year 2030" among them—has done stage décor, and is a Fellow of the Institute of Industrial Art

"Bystander" Short Story No. 25

Frenchmen Know Everything

By Christine Jope-Slade

Illustration by Webster Murray

"I was hurt when Madame inherited her fortune and said nothing here"

HE was coming towards her with that charming, intimate smile he always reserved for her. There were four new guests at the little hotel since she had left it to go to the cinema. They were perched uneasily in the shabby, dingy little entrance-hall, these newcomers. They were goggling slightly at her reception, so deferential, so suave, and so *right*. You could take long, sweet, soothing draughts of Monsieur André's courtesy and feel refreshed, encouraged, built-up comfortingly by it in all your hidden feminine vanities and prides, never humiliated.

Mary Venitia Herbert smiled radiantly at the young manager at the little Hôtel des Anglais.

"And Fernandel, he was good?" he was enquiring.

Her accent, after seven years on the Côte d'Azur, was as English as a Lyons cup of tea. Her grammar was as impeccable as that of some professor at the Sorbonne.

"Not all that good," she assured him, dismissing one of the great film French actors with no more ado than that.

He had been thinking of visiting the Casino de Paris that very night, he assured her, but now. . . . He deferred to her judgment and accepted it in one brilliant smile and tiny, expressive shrug.

He accompanied her to the door of the little dining-room. She was a pensionnaire on pension terms, but it was an understood thing that when she went to the "pictures" in the afternoon and was late for the 7.30 evening meal, she was not charged the usual 50 centimes extra. That was the manager's care for her comfort. The omelette they always tossed up specially for her on these occasions was also specially ordered by him for her.

Miss Mary Venitia Herbert had lived happily in that little hôtel without a break for four years because of the personal courtesy, consideration and sweetness of the young manager, and his care and thought for her.

He was something to come home to after fifty-nine dull but gentle years in the life of an elderly, slightly upper-class English rentière.

He was like a handsome, laughing, appreciating human dog who looked for and welcomed her comings and goings charmingly, took an impersonal interest in them, and interfered with neither.

It was an ideal, a perfect relationship. It gave Mary Venitia Herbert something she had never possessed until these last four years. The mixture of courier and courtier presented by Monsieur André of the Hôtel des Anglais was brilliantly sufficient to sustain her in the illusion of being of importance, a personality.

When she had finished her little meal, and was dipping a bunch of tiny golden-green grapes in a bowl of water the waitress came to her smiling. Monsieur André wished to know if the omelette had been to her liking.

"Thank Monsieur André for his enquiry, and tell him the omelette was delicious."

Ritual; but dear to her as incense and adulation, an accepted graceful accompaniment to her placid, otherwise uneventful life.

There was no lift in the simple hotel. She walked through the shabby lounge. The new Germans were drinking coffee. They desisted to stare at her. Monsieur André came out of the little glass partition he called his "bureau" to smile and wish her "bon soir"—his "Madame" sounded like a filial benediction, yet it presumed nothing. It was *perfect*.

Her room was on the third floor. It was a tiny apartment with French windows. She paid 225 francs a week for it, or three English pounds, taken year in year out with the fluctuating rate of exchange.

On the cheap dressing-table in this room of mouldering flowers, carpet, walls, cretonne-covered chaise longue, all violently floral, was her monthly bill in Monsieur André's clear, uncompromising commercial hand.

She picked it idly, staring at her pleasant, lean horse face in the mirror, good bone structure, clear, soft blue eyes. She was a rangy, long-legged graceful creature, a product of the old English hunting and shooting and fishing shires.

Her fumbling fingers found another, smaller communication underneath.

It was unfamiliar stationery, unfamiliar writing.

She sat down with it.

An old aunt in Chelmsford, her only relative in England, and an aunt she had not seen for twenty-four years, had died and left her all her fortune.

It was £6000 a year.

(Continued on page 314)

Mlle. Livia Paravicini

The elder decorative daughter of Swiss Minister is one hundred per cent London ex-deb. Bridesmaid to greatest friend, Lady Georgina Kidston. Should soon be a bride

Miss Effie Barker

Owns lots of brothers, her own beagles, a nice seat on a horse, a forearm drive (Captain of Berkshire Ladies) and an incorruptible character: is any sportsman's ideal

Princess Catherine of Greece

H.R.H. Princess Catherine of Greece ("Kate" to her many friends here) is unconventional, high-spirited and just the sort of Princess the modern world wants. Brother King of Greece again

The Hon. Nefertari Bethell

Nefertari Bethell, whose brother's Lord Westbury, is unspoilt considering her adoring mother makes life easy. Nice-looking in a healthy straightforward way—not exotic like name

"Always be nice to girls; you never know who they

(The late Lady Ailesbury to Lady

AND WHO WILL THESE BE

A Selection of Spinsters From Every Set:

Miss Gweneth Buller

Left: Gweneth Butler is a bonny lass, always sunburnt. How she finds time to be a skating champion (British Olympic team) and a social success we don't know, but she does

Miss Connie Dawes

Connie Dawes is a "let's play please" Canadian with sumptuous clothes, smart beaux and chat. Her type really flourished in "Roaring Twenties," but she seems quite pleased with to-day

Miss Diana Cooke

Diana Cooke, daughter of Australian-born Member for Hammersmith, is as pretty as her picture, with one of those cleft chins novelists describe. Sister married Raymond, heir to Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart.

Right: Merle Oberon, you will be surprised to hear, was once engaged to Mr. Joseph Schenck. Her oriental fascination films beautifully—"Dark Angel," etc. Has made her own pinnacle and must sit on it

Miss Merle Oberon

Miss Anne MacPherson-Grant

Whose eldest sister married Lord Deramore's heir-presumptive, is a "nut-brown maid" too, with mischievous Highland face, good dress sense and matrimonial chances. Called Nancy at home

will become"

xford when a girl.)

COME?

No. 7

Miss Agnes King

Agnes Celestria King, daughter of Lady Clare King, might have had red head turned at debut last year because four artists painted it. Has breeding in her looks so not a fashionable type

Miss Betty Rank

Betty Rank is an heiress, well-groomed and well built as you see. Mr. J. V. Rank and his "hundred horses in training" have had lots of publicity. This is Betty's turn

Miss Gladys Sammut

Has eyes like a sonnet. A dark lady. She seems to have retired from restaurants and racing. We miss you, "Smuts." Was engaged to Lord Tennyson. Walked on in "Wonder Bar." Worked late Nellie Taylor's flower shop

Right: Marye Pole-Carew, daughter of Lady Beatrice, is the most beautiful of all her generation but hasn't married yet. Thirty-two, looks twenty-five. Never comes up from the West Countrie

Miss Bettine Tollemache

Bettine Tollemache, auburn-hair (and we don't mean carrots!)—freckles, white arms and sunny expression was one of the only '34 debs who registered anything. Likes a lark

Miss Marye Pole-Carew

Miss Daphne Wedekind

Is in the early twenties; has Nordic colouring, to be expected from German antecedents. Sister Mrs. "Algy" Dawson is even more so. Stage ambitions. Always at parties and joyful

Miss Marion Mathieson

Has flaxen hair—so becoming. Is sweet and shy. Parents the Ogilvy Mathiesons. Finds pseudo-county contemporaries liable to snub those living in Glasgow—which is absurd

Right: Sylvia and Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton are ten years apart and so different. Sylvia's retiring and Rosemary one of the most prominent party-going children. Auld Perthshire background

A Crichton Couple

Frenchmen Know Everything

(*Continued from page 311*)

II.

She did not go back to England. She did all the necessary business by letter. There seemed hundreds of letters. She posted them at the big blue post-office by Notre Dame.

She knew suddenly that she desired deeply and anxiously that *nothing* should upset the even tenour of her way at the little Hôtel des Anglais.

She did not change her cramped quarters for a better room with running water. She gave no indication of her sudden acquisition of wealth. She did cease washing her own vests and stockings and handkerchiefs in the bathroom and sent them to the hotel washerwoman. Marie Louise, the chambermaid who had waited on her for four years, commented on this.

"She is getting old," she said. "It begins to be too much trouble to save the sous."

Then one day, strolling under the loosening golden autumn canopy of leaves Miss Mary Venitia Herbert saw that the new hôtel de luxe, that absurd modernity with the carnival name of "Duchesse's Whim," was completed.

It was some way from her own humble quarters and she had watched it being built with interest. She went in.

It was startlingly sumptuous, almost grotesquely fitted with every modern preventative and amelioration of all human effort. The scientifically hushed and heated rooms were really exquisite.

The new manager, a bourgeois Swiss, fawned and flattered and abased himself shamelessly and with palpable insincerity.

On a sudden impulse Mary Venitia took a little service suite at £20 a week.

"Here," said the manager, pirouetting round her in the beautiful public dining-room, "Madame can entertain her charming friends."

So she began to lead her soothing, happy, deeply flattering double life.

For the "Duchesse's Whim" she brought new luggage and a new, elegant outfit.

On the shabby, mean dressing-table of the Hôtel des Anglais, reposed the embossed silver toilette articles she had had as a girl.

On the beautiful, subtly illuminated table at the "Duchesse's Whim" were nile-green enamelled brushes, and many, many toilet gadgets and creams.

She explained to Monsieur André that she wished to "voyage un peu" and he was exquisitely understanding. He seemed to realise that a woman of her calibre could not be expected to rust herself out in one place.

She was to keep on the messy little floral room for a pound a week, and pay for what meals she consumed.

This was not such a good business proposition for Monsieur André, but his manner never varied by a hair's breadth. If possible, it became more utterly charming and endearing and flattering.

Passionately she savoured the difference between her two lives.

At the little Hôtel des Anglais she was a *person*, poor, respected, liked for herself alone.

At the "Duchesse's Whim" she was a client worth over a £1000 year.

There, in rôle, she spent royally, lavishly, by ordering extras.

At the Hôtel Anglais she became increasingly parsimonious, only to have the honey-sweet flattery of the knowledge that *she* herself was well-beloved and esteemed at her true spiritual and intellectual value. Her life had a strange emotional satisfaction, deep-seated and elemental.

It went on for a year, and every day she savoured the contrast of her two rôles more richly.

Then one day, descending in the little azure blue and silver lift, she saw Monsieur André of the little Hôtel Anglais go through the doors of the "Duchesse's Whim." Monsieur André, who was the living mirror in whom she saw herself as a *person who mattered for herself alone*.

He came from the secretary's office, and she knew that the owner of the "Duchesse's Whim" was there.

There had been troubles, and staff changes and disagreeableness generally for some months.

The "Duchesse's Whim" was not paying; why should it, with a slightly shame-making, grotesque address?

She went to the secretary's office.

She said abruptly, seeing his card on the secretary's table:

"I saw a man go through the doors just now. I seemed to know his face. Who was he?"

"No one Madame was acquainted with. They were advertising for a new manager for the "Duchesse's Whim," and this was merely one of the applicants."

She must have known everything was topsy-turvy, and she was being politely pleased. The food and the service had been vile lately. To the secretary's open-mouthed astonishment, the English elderly lunatic said:

"I heard those Americans had vacated the suite with the grand piano? Is it so?"

"Vacated" was an excellent word for their vociferous exit after the thieving of most of their stockings and lingerie.

The secretary admitted that it was so.

The Englishwoman thereupon changed her suite for the most expensive and marvellous one in the building, complete with studio and gallery and super radio, television and grand piano.

Another £10 a week for the startled management and worried proprietors.

III.

That evening she went back to the Hôtel des Anglais in the quiet, shabby clothes she kept for those occasions.

She was so weak with gratified happiness and anticipation that she was forced to take a taxi.

(*Concluded on page vi*)

"I'll give yer Kreisler and two Konkers for your Bing Crosby!"

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

This frock is a member of the Younger Set Department at Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is made of silk crêpe with a white pin spot. The skirt is straight and slim, with knife pleats, while the basque is finely pleated. A new note is the short bolero which is revived from time to time, and is always becoming. In this case it is an integral part of the frock, but quite often it is separate like a "Zouave." The full sleeves are elbow-length and the high neck is outlined with a white poult frill and bow. It is made in black and white as well as other colours, and only costs 3 guineas. Lingerie touches in the form of Medici collars and Tudor ruffles in starched linen will play a prominent rôle this season, while there is a definite trend towards plain frocks accompanied by printed coats

Dover Street Studios

Simple Studies In Checks and Stripes

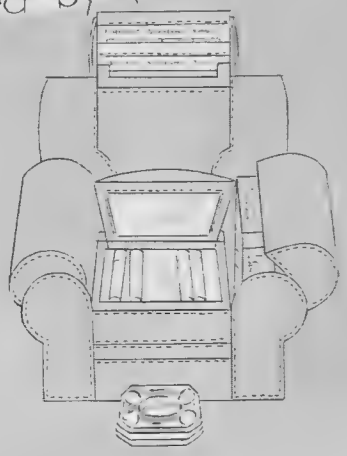
A delightfully practical suit for race meetings and country wear in general is seen above. It is made of the softest Angora wool, diagonally striped in two colours. The skirt is plain, and the coat admirably tailored with four pockets and a belt. It is accompanied by a silk scarf (which can be arranged in various ways) and may be seen in the Knitwear Department at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, together with the suit on the right. The latter is designed for golf, and is particularly unusual since it is a study in black and white. Hopsack tweed with an unfinished diagonal check makes the wrap skirt, while the shirt is in black vi-crêpe wool. It opens down the front with a white "rip" fastener, and has two breast pockets. The scheme is completed by a patent leather belt, and the price is 8½ guineas. Ensembles with finger-tip swagger coats, and simple short-sleeved frocks for cruising, may also be seen in these salons. An illustrated catalogue, however, will glady be sent post free on application

Dover Street Studios

the bystander twins in search of NOVELTIES

discovered by peta pictured by pam

The Strolling Minstrel on the left is one of the many lovely things to be seen at the Artistic Venetian Glass Company, 63, Wigmore Street. Needless to say, it is made of Venetian glass, and is essentially modern in design



Everything necessary for a game of bridge is packed away in this leather-covered armchair. Cards are concealed in the arms, the back holds four scoring tablets, and the seat lifts up and contains ashtrays and space for cigarettes. From Southwoods, 16, Burlington Arcade; it costs two guineas

It is often difficult to know what to give for a wedding present, but something decorative is always acceptable. This caricature of a running deer from the Artistic Venetian Glass Company is striking and unusual

This charming evening bag is designed and made by Jac, 69, Welbeck Street. It is of black velvet, entirely hand-worked with silver thread embroidery, white cornelians and crystal beads. The frame is enamel and silver filigree

Flowers are once more very fashionable and can be worn almost anywhere. This spray of black and white organdi poppies is hand-made by Jac. The leaves are velvet and the ears of wheat lacquered black

Cellophane goggles for dogs are a new idea, sponsored by "Dog Requisites," 18, Princes Arcade. They are a wonderful protection when motoring, and are sold in several sizes from 4s. 9d. Then, for puppies and lap-dogs, there are special cloth carriers with "rip" fasteners

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

More About the Nazis:

By A. G. Macdonell

THE stream of first-hand, authentic books about events in Germany since the accession to power of Nazidom is running faster and wider and deeper. Like all dictatorships, the Nazis cannot for a moment allow freedom of speech or of pen, and so the writers and the poets and the philosophers are leaving their native country and going into voluntary exile rather than submit to slavery. Mr. Ernst Glaeser's new novel, *The Last Civilian* (Nicholson and Watson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is the latest of the terrible indictments of the present régime. It is a long novel, but the author's vitality, and his capacity to pour out endless small details which keep the mind of the reader busy, are so strong that he can sustain his story over the full length. It is an absorbing study of the growth of the Brownshirt movement, of its desperate appeal to all that is basest in human nature, of the strange, fanatical idealism which it somehow combines with this desperate appeal, and of the despair of the older men, and especially the old soldiers of the World War, at the revival of Prussianism. These last are symbolised by a dauntless veteran with a wooden leg, who can only see that the sacrifice at Verdun and at Cambrai was made in vain, and that the whole tragedy of Germany, and with it of Europe, will have to be acted over again unless a totally new spirit can be brought into the handling of international relations. *The Last Civilian* is a moving and powerful story, which ought to be read and pondered over by anyone who feels inclined to toy with dictatorship and shirts of various colours.

Ernst Glaeser

His latest book, "The Last Civilian," which has just been published in this country, deals with conditions in Germany, whence Glaeser is a political, not a racial, refugee. Ernst Glaeser's first novel, "Class 1902" (he was born in 1902), had a world success in 1927; five years later the Nazis banned it because it was not heroic

MR. FRANK O'CONNOR is a born short-story writer in the tradition of Tchehov. That is to say, very often his stories have neither beginning nor middle nor end. They have no plot, and no centre of manœuvre, so to speak. But they present an unforgettable character, or sketch an unforgettable scene, in a very small compass and with a nice felicity of expression. He takes a tiny segment of the Irish scene and puts it before you in a few pages, complete and perfect, and then drops it and takes another tiny segment. The book is called *Bones of Contention* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The story from which the title is taken is about a funeral and the furious quarrel between two sections of the family for the right to conduct the ceremony. The rival hearses jam the road, and everyone takes violently partisan sides in the dispute. The ultimate winner is an exquisitely-drawn character of a little old lady, who is slightly reminiscent of Mrs. Knox, of Aussolas, in the *Irish R.M.* But the story I liked best in this collection is the one in which the police sergeant arranges with the old peasant about surrendering to a warrant and going to jail. There is a rich and glorious humour underlying it.

"OUR AMBASSADOR KING" (Hutchinson; 3*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. Basil Maine, is a description of the King's life as Prince of Wales, with accounts of those amazing world-tours which did so much for the prestige, popularity, and commerce of Great Britain. Mr. Maine has carried out a difficult task with a good deal of skill and tact, and there are a number of excellent photographs. Many people will like this book.

"FULL AND BY" (Faber and Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. D. S. Livingstone, is a tremendously vivid story of a voyage in an old two-masted schooner in 1910. It was the battered veteran's last trip, and Mr. Livingstone was on board. As he says himself, the voyage "almost proved my end as well, so close did the old ship sail by the wind of death and destruction." It is a true story, and the schooner was well-known in New England and on the Atlantic sea-board. It certainly was an exciting journey, though it was only supposed to be a five-day trip, from Boston to St. John. For one thing, the Dutch cook, after spending a lot of time sharpening a knife, went mad and tried to use it on anyone who got in his way. For another, they struck appalling weather, and the old ship was every year of her age. Then came fog, and a huge tearing sailing-ship came racing past them and only missed them by inches. In fact, what with one thing and another, Mr. Livingstone is, I think, rather lucky to have survived to tell the tale. The great Mr. William McFee contributes a preface, full of wisdom, about sail and steam and literature.

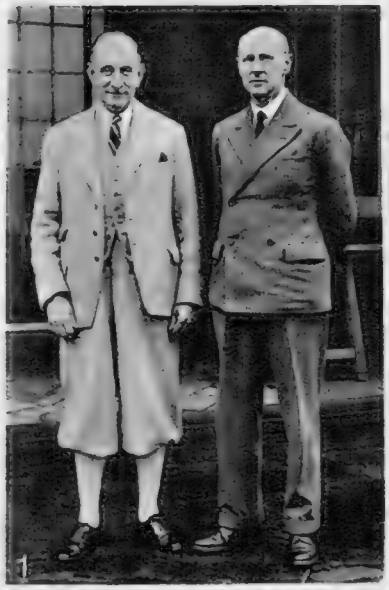
I THOROUGHLY enjoyed Miss Audrey Lucas's *Friendly Relations* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), even though I could not quite believe in one or two of the characters. But the general level is so well maintained, and even the less probable figures are at least neatly drawn, so that the book, while never touching any great heights, goes bowling pleasantly along. It is the story of four sisters, three married and one not, who are awaiting the arrival of their rich brother from India. The two ambitious sisters squabble about entertaining him—they want something out of him—while the third, less ambitious, does not squabble but also wants something out of him. The fourth, the spinster, is perfectly happy and wants nothing. The brother duly arrives, and it gradually emerges that he is not rich at all, but is absolutely broke. He is ultimately shipped off to America, and then another thing gradually emerges. The waster has somehow left more happiness behind him than he found when he arrived. Quite unintentionally, he has been a benevolent influence in the lives of the four sisters. It is very well done, and I look forward to Miss Lucas's next novel.

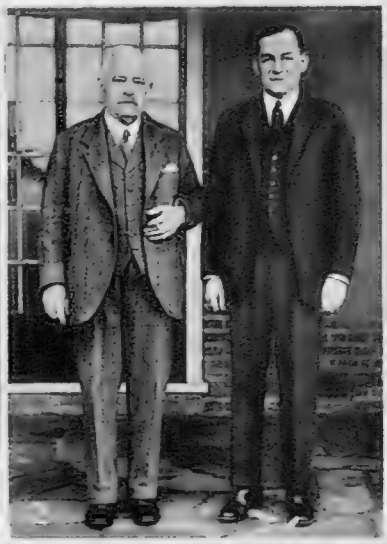
"SPIES IN THE WEB" (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. Michael Annesley, follows the ancient way — was it trodden first by the woad-coloured Britons?—of sensational novels. A master-criminal, this time operating in Memel, a young British Secret Service man, a beautiful fiancée, a mysterious woman, and what not. I have no objection to all that, not even to the pre-woad device of despatching the beautiful fiancée to butt in on the matter and get herself kidnapped. It appears that no book of this sort can be written without that everyday occurrence. But what I do object to with the utmost vehemence is this: in every single one of these books the hero is made out to be a superhumanly efficient, wary, dangerous fellow. Everyone shivers at the very notion that he is on their track. And he invariably behaves like a perfect ass, and falls into every conceivable trap. It is really getting rather tedious.

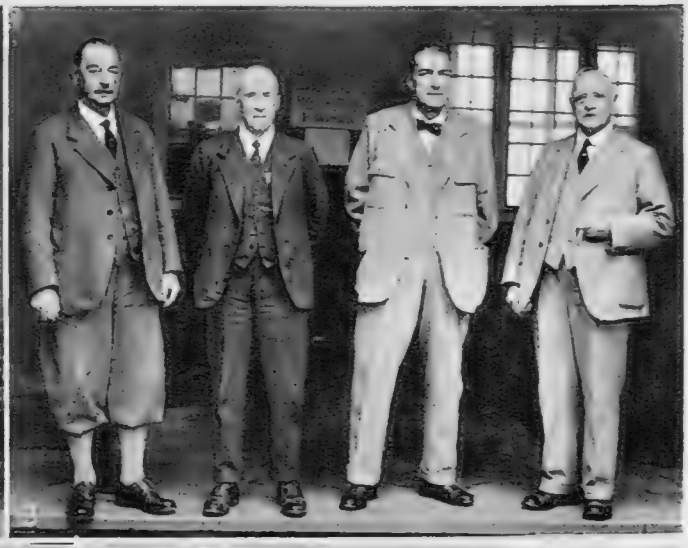
Golf Clubs at Home

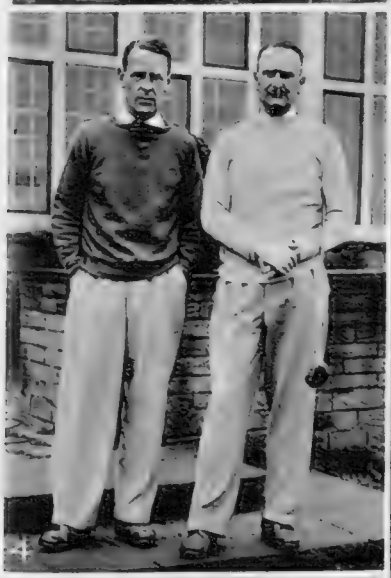
Moseley Club, King's Heath, Birmingham

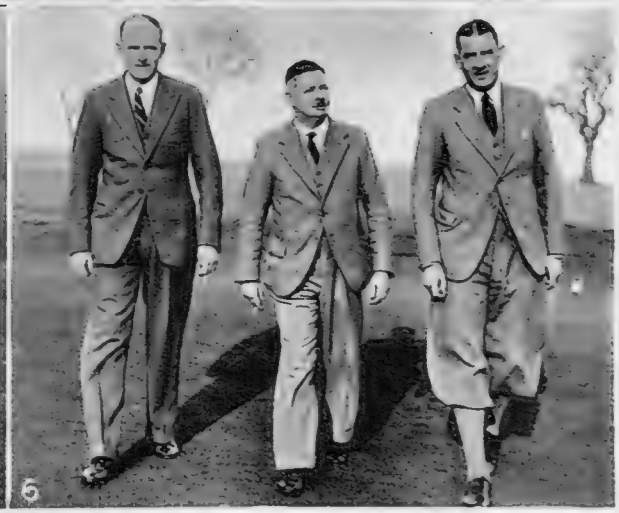
A View of the Club-house

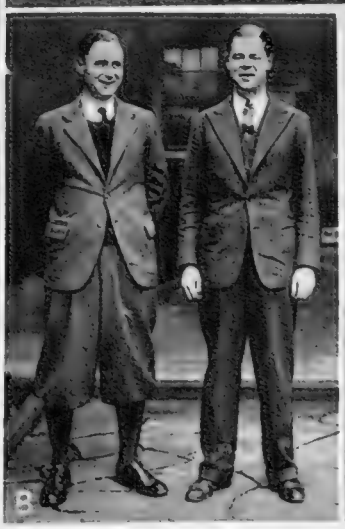


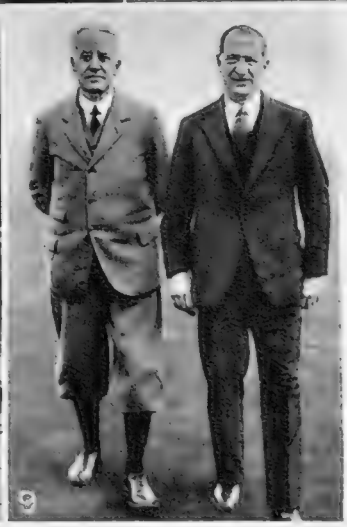












(1) G. J. Morgan (captain) and Capt. E. H. Stern, R.N. (secretary). (2) H. H. Greenway (ex-president and oldest member) and W. H. Turner (committee member). (3) Albert Smith, Clive Brooke (vice-president), J. M. Nicolson (president) and A. Horton (hon. treasurer). (4) Stanley Lunt (ex-English Amateur Champion) and Dr. Robb (Scottish International). (5) F. E. Baker, J. G. Allen and J. W. Allen. (6) J. H. M. Nicolson (captain of second side), S. F. Empson and T. A. Furse (committee members). (7) A. R. Wheildon (professional) and Charles Sharrock (committee member). (8) A. S. Newey (English International) and Roger Newey. (9) Dr. Stanley Barnes and H. J. Humphries

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Not Worth the Crossing

The Irish Victory

By scoring a second try in the last few minutes, Ireland won a surprise victory over England by 6-3 at Dublin. The English XV. wore black arm-bands, one of which can be seen on No. 8's left arm

I PASS over as quickly as may be the crossing from Holyhead to Kingstown. It is satisfactory to be able to dismiss so much suffering in a casual sentence. But at least, I reflected, as the boat slithered down a singularly untidy wave, at least we shall see a grand game when and if we get there, and providing also, touching wood, that we survive. If, that is to say, we wish to survive—a point worthy of considerable discussion.

And, I ruminated, watching my suit-case fetch up with a crack against the cabin wall, it really is strange that we should make this journey, even to see England play Ireland. At this point the suit-case split open, depositing its contents with gay liberality over the floor, and a steward poked his head in to receive my sorrowing protestations about the behaviour of his sea. He was gracious enough to admit that it certainly was tumbling a bit.

So it was, to be sure, and we scribes, I suppose, must be prepared to suffer for our public. Prepared or not, we suffered, and all would have been well if the match had been even faintly worth while. The tragedy of it is that it was barely worth a penny bus ride, let alone the Irish Channel.

I MAY have been prejudiced, but I doubt if I ever saw a worse International match than that one. The little affair between England and Wales at Swansea was no better, perhaps, but England and Ireland produced football of an incredible ineptitude. Do not think that I begrudge the Irishmen their victory. They played with fine spirit, especially when we remember that for sixty minutes they were without Deering, one of their best forwards.

It would have been better, though, if their anxious three-quarters had not lain so far up that a watchful referee would have given them offside while the ball was in the scrummage. It would have been better still if England had found a way to treat this close and careful spoiling, for the quality of a team is measured by its ability to overcome difficulties of this kind.

We may, with some justice, blame the English backs for failing to penetrate the Irish defence, but I think their real opportunities were limited.

THE English forwards, in my opinion, were the real villains of the piece. I was brought up to think that forwards had an important part to play in the game's strategy. It was their function, I fondly imagined, to control tactics by heeling or keeping the ball, according to circumstances. If their backs, by reason of weather conditions or superior opponents, were helpless, they would use the wheel or the straight shove or the rush and swift heel from the loose scrummage. They dictated the run of play, in short, and the idea that they might ever become a mere heeling machine would have been ludicrous in the extreme.

The idea is no longer ludicrous, for it is a sad reality. At Dublin the Irish backs made orthodox attack unprofitable if not impossible. This, surely was an opportunity for the English pack to assert itself. And what did the English pack do? Why, bless its collective heart, whenever it managed to secure the ball it just heeled and heeled and heeled. Against seven forwards, at that.

What was the reason for this apparent imbecility? Were the forwards playing to orders, or were they simply dumb?

"Rugger" at "Soccer"

With Goalie complete in cap, Richmond played Blackheath at Association football when the ground was too hard for their own game. What happened to the extra men, who won, or how many penalties for handling there were, are not recorded

Perhaps the trouble lies deeper still, and the modern forward really has lost sight of his true function. I have always hesitated to believe this. I do not like to imagine that forwards have so completely relinquished self-respect that they are content to spoon-feed their three-quarters, and do nothing else. And yet—and yet—what else are we to think when an English pack shows such sad lack of versatility and dominance? I have all sorts of theories about it, but I will not trouble you with them now. Let me simply suggest that sheer weight, size and experience are not necessarily the best qualities for a great forward. Our Selectors, poor souls, will have to root around and find some younger, livelier, stockier players, and I do not envy them their job.

IT does not seem necessary to make wholesale changes behind the scrummage. I doubt, indeed, whether it would be wise to make any changes whatever. I still think this is a sound English back division; even if it were unsound, it is hard to suggest any way in which it might be improved. Giles for Gadney? Auty for Candler? Walford for Gerrard? Suter for Owen-Smith? Possible changes, maybe, but not very helpful ones. There is no need to panic. England may take the wooden spoon, for they have only to be beaten by Scotland to suffer the last indignity. Even so, we shall not break our hearts, and we may learn a lesson or two.

IN the meanwhile, Ireland next Saturday play Scotland at Murrayfield, and Ireland have a chance, just a very slender, outside sliver of a chance, of beating both Scotland and Wales, and thus winning the championship outright for the second glorious year in succession.

It does not seem probable, though, and I am prepared to wager modestly that Scotland will win on Saturday, despite Ireland's mixed tactics of spoiling and opportunism. Mind you, Ireland are a difficult side to beat. But suppose for a moment that they triumph at Murrayfield, dare we suggest that they can defeat the Welshmen at Cardiff. Tanner and Cliff Jones? Wooller and Davey? These competent Welsh forwards? I think not—most decidedly I think not.

SUPPER FOR MR. DISRAELI

20th Nov. 1837

"So after all, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria's first Parliament – 509 to 20. The division took an hour. I then left the house at ten o'clock none of us having dined. The tumult and excitement great. I dined, or rather supped, at the Carlton with a large party off oysters, Guinness and broiled bones, and got to bed at half-past twelve o'clock. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."

From a letter written by Disraeli to his sister Sarah. Quoted in Monypenny's Life of Disraeli, Vol II, p.7.

GUINNESS AND OYSTERS ARE GOOD FOR YOU

G.E. 575

THE

MONTE CARLO

CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON, 1936

MARCH 4 Berlioz' "Requiem," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 5 Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 6 MUSIC—GALA CONCERT, CONDUCTED BY RICHARD STRAUSS.
MARCH 8 Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil.
MARCH 19–20 Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP.
MARCH 20 César Franck's "Béatitudes," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 22 Fencing Tournament.
MARCH 25 CLASSICAL CONCERT WITH MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 27 GRAND RECITAL BY MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 28–29 International Dog Show.
MARCH 30–APRIL 5 Annual Tennis Criterium of the Principality of Monaco.
APRIL 1 GALA CONCERT WITH MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 2 Monte Carlo Theatre—OPENING OF THE BALLET SEASON.
APRIL 3 GRAND RECITAL BY MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 4 Automobile "Concours d'Elégance."
APRIL 8 GALA CONCERT WITH FRITZ KREISLER.
APRIL 10 GRAND RECITAL BY FRITZ KREISLER.
APRIL 11–13 Motor Races; Prince Rainier Cup & GRAND PRIX DE MONACO.
APRIL 13–29 Monte Carlo Country Club—Easter Tennis Tournament.
APRIL 14 Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE STANLEY CUP.
APRIL 15 Verdi's "Requiem," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.

SUMMER SEASON AT MONTE CARLO BEACH: The Beach and Swimming Pool will open in May. The Beach Hotels open on June 1 and the Summer Sporting Club opens in July.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the end of April: the programme for February has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s. Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d. Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.
30-day tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.

SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Cafe de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.

Women's Golf:

Northward Ho!

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IT is amazing how quickly the year goes round. Here we are back again at entry-time for the BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, with the form on page vi. I see, by the way, that the men BYSTANDERS have a form this year: let us hope no lady will use their form or vice-versa. A practical joker once sent this office—well, never mind that story: the deception was spotted in time and all was well.

As you know, Seacroft is the venue, so we shall all be braced, but the Lincolnshire coast gets a wonderful amount of sun, and the chance of playing dry-foot, after this winter of wet, ought to appeal to a great many inlanders. The club has been spending a big sum on getting back the fairways to excellence after the ravages of drought, and everything is sure to be quite delightful if only the weather will, for once, look with a kindly eye on this event.

Seacroft is certainly looking kindly at it, for they are going to allow the National Playing Fields' Competition to be played there during the Foursomes. So everybody, as they are beaten, or anyone languishing on the waiting list, can take out as many cards as they wish, reducing their L.G.U. handicaps, benefiting a cause that needs no pushing, winning Mrs. Dunlop Hill's handicap challenge trophy, or a scratch prize, and incidentally, getting in extra rounds on that first-class course to which the English Championship lost its heart in 1934.

THERE is only one regret about it all: Miss Mary Johnson, who won these Northern Foursomes in 1934 as well as in 1935 with Miss Barbara Lees, cannot come and have an attempt at the hat-trick. You know she broke her leg badly last summer, and though it has mended all right the weather has been so appalling since she has been fit to play that golf has been out of the question. So, rather than let Miss Lees down by being short of practice, Miss Johnson has relinquished her partner to another Yorkshire stalwart, Mrs. Rhodes. It is sad to think of Northern Foursomes without Miss Johnson, and I still have a lingering hope that she may get into practice more quickly than she dare think possible at the minute, and will then come in at the eleventh hour, even if it has to be with some fresh partner. After all, the rules allow of a new partner being substituted up to the very minute that play starts, and personally I shall not give up being optimistic about it until the very last couple have reported themselves and driven off the first tee.

"My goodness!" as the inimitable Shirley says, but it is pleasant to think of seeing that first tee again, and I am quite sure there are plenty of other people looking forward to Seacroft just as much as I am myself. Entries close not later than Friday, March 13th—earlier, if the list is full—so quick entry is to be advised. The hotels are offering special terms; details of that, too, appears on page vi.

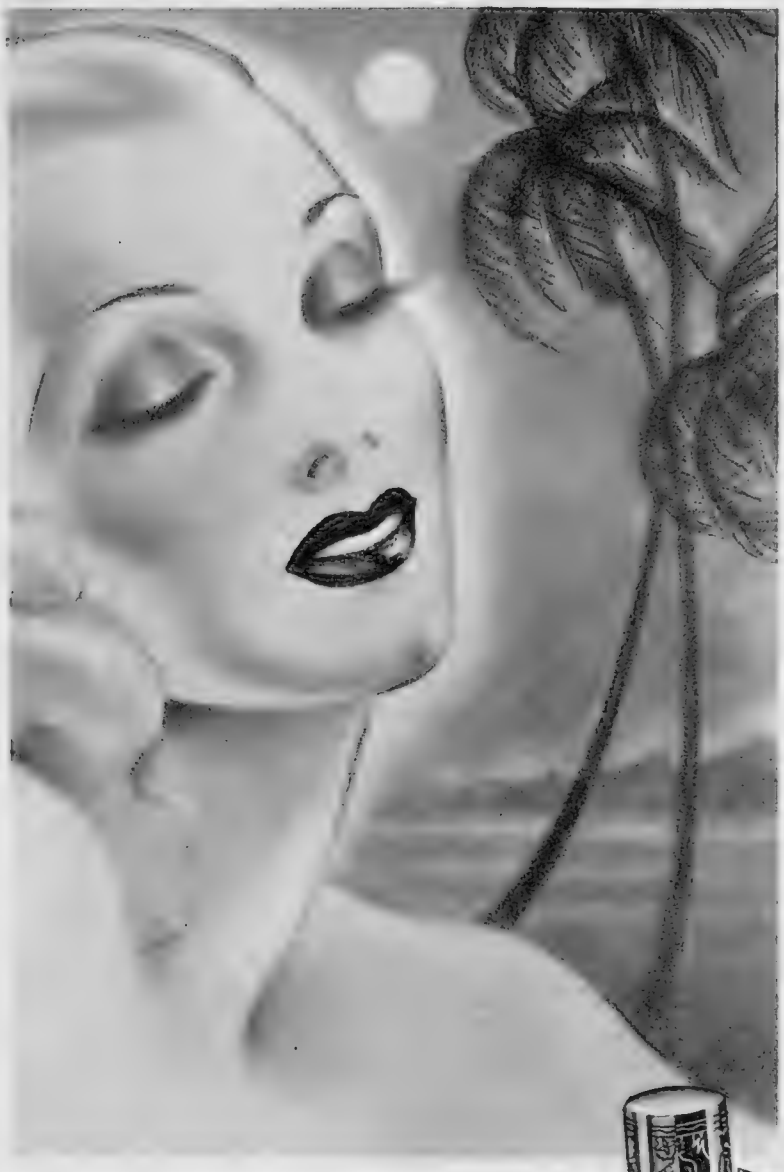
IF we ever again get a day warm enough to play golf for pleasure—says she, drawing her chair closer to the fire and wrapping the fur coat more tightly round her—the problem will be how to make up for lost time in the matter of tuning-up for the strenuous season that lies before us. I have an idea that Miss Doris Chambers, good captain that she is, has been having some trial trips already to collect information about the right team and the right pairings for the match against U.S.A., and county captains will expect their second teamsters at all events to be ready to take the field before long. Somebody has asked for my recipe for getting into practice after taking the winter completely off from golf. For what it is worth, my advice would be, very strongly: "Don't hurry things." Muscles are slack and easily get tired, for even if you have taken other exercise or even played other games, it will not have been precisely the same muscles as golf uses. Towards the end of eighteen holes the swinging of the club will be an effort, and that is when the swing gets out of gear and bad habits creep in. So when you are tired, stop. Do a few more holes the next day, and just as you take care not to play with exhausted muscles, so stop before your hands are really blistered, or you will find yourself adopting a strange grip to avoid hurting yourself.

Be sparing of one-club practice until you have got back the general feel of all the clubs: have a sufficiency of medal rounds to know how you are dropping shots needlessly, but do not neglect match play against somebody, if possible, better than yourself.

ABOVE all, the nearer comes the event for which you are tuning-up, the more resolutely make the shot up to the hole your objective, whatever club you are practising with. In other words, be definite. It is not the slightest use swinging the club right, or even hitting the ball magnificently, unless that ball finishes time and again close to the mark at which you aim. Have a mark, and aim for it, even if you are using a driver and playing into a wide expanse apparently without feature. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Instead of using 'Lipstick'



TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with transparent South Sea red as the tropic enchantress does

Stolen from a tropical paradise . . . Tattoo ! Bringing a magic, exotic lure . . . for you ! No more will you coat your lips with paste . . . paste that is always coming off when it shouldn't. For now . . . you will Tattoo them with pasteless, transparent colour as the charm-wise South Sea maiden does. Tattoo ! You simply put it on . . . let it set . . . pat it off. Nothing remains on your lips but luscious, tempting red that only time can remove . . . vibrant red that dares adventure . . . and that gives your lips a touch-thrilling softness they never had before !

FOUR STARTLING NEW SHADES

NO. 1 has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

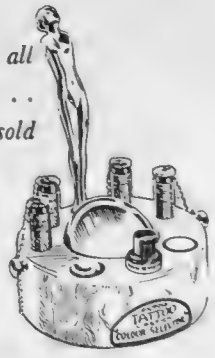
NO. 2 is our choice of them all. An exotic new shade—brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

NO. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood colour that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

NO. 4 is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm colour that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

4/6

Four exciting shades. Try them all at the Tattoo Colour Selector . . . wherever fine toilet goods are sold



TATTOO

DISTRIBUTORS: FASSETT & JOHNSON, LTD., 86, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1 PHONE: CLERKENWELL 2336

A New Thatch and a New Car

Outside the 'old-world' cottage at Coffinswell, Devon, stands a brand new Ford V-8. It is remarkable that the car has more windows than the cottage

Cold-Weather Phenomena

By The Earl of Cardigan

It is not often that, after one has been motoring for fifteen years or so, one comes across something entirely new in the way of a roadside problem. This, however, has happened to me during the recent wintry weather, and I pass the experience on in case others also have been baffled by it.

It all started on an exceedingly cold day, when the roads were wet with churned-up snow. A friend parked his car outside my house, and left it there for a number of hours. When the time came for him to leave, the engine started up at once, but for some reason the car would not move forward when he let the clutch in.

My friend was quite patient in letting his engine get adequately warmed-up; but every time, as soon as the clutch began to engage, the engine would either stall completely, or begin to "peter out." At last I ventured to suggest to him the only explanation that occurred to me, i.e., that he had omitted to release the hand-brake. This, however, was indignantly denied.

In the end, with the aid of a little pushing, this car did succeed in getting fairly under way. The incident left me puzzled; but I was shortly afterwards both puzzled and aggrieved to find my own car beginning to indulge in the same sort of trouble. In my case also, difficulty was experienced on a cold day, and after my car had been at a standstill for some hours.

Now, this sort of thing may be quite familiar to some people—who will already have divined the cause of it—but it was altogether new to me. After some thought, however, I went to the local garage, where I enquired whether they had had any complaints from other motorists on account of ice formation between the brake drums and the brake shoes of stationary cars.

The answer rather surprised me. "Oh, yes," said the garage foreman, "we get that sort of thing quite commonly in winter. We are constantly sending our lorry to the car park in the High Street, so as to tow out the cars whose brakes have got frozen up. People leave their cars there for several hours at a stretch, and then are quite baffled when they can't get going again."

So that was the solution! When one comes to think of it, the process is quite understandable. The brake drums pick up moisture while the car is running; then the hand-brake is applied, and the brake shoes are pressed up against the drums, having a thin film of moisture in between. In a short time the latter is converted into a film of ice, and thus, when the brake-lever is moved subsequently to the "off" position, the brakes do not in fact release themselves.

It is fortunately very easy to see how this sort of thing, when once one knows about it, can be avoided. If the car is left with its brakes off, the distance between brake-shoes and drums is obviously too great to allow any film of ice to form.

Some precaution, of course, is necessary if the car is to be left un-braked. It is not wise merely to leave it standing on a supposedly level patch of ground. A better plan is to put the gear-lever into the first-gear position.

In this case, it may be as well, at the same time, to slip a bit of paper under the ignition switch—this being a convenient aide-mémoire that the controls have been left in this unorthodox manner.

(The careful driver, of course, will always, in any event, move the gear-lever from side to side, so as to ascertain that it is in the neutral position before touching the self-starter. My bit-of-paper idea is merely an additional safeguard against forgetfulness.)

The whole thing interests me, in particular, because I do not yet understand how it is that I have not come across the brake-freezing problem in previous years. I have driven during many winters colder than the present one, and have sometimes covered hundreds of miles through the snow. I thought I knew most of what there is to be known about looking after a car under these conditions.

Perhaps some Scottish reader, or anyone who is accustomed to abnormally severe conditions, can enlighten me about this. Have cars always been subject to the trouble which I have described, or is this a phenomenon which has arisen only of recent years? The latter seems to be a possibility, since the design of braking systems has altered so radically.

For example, since it is now thought essential to make the braking action as light as possible, are manufacturers using weaker springs to pull the brake-shoes off the drums? Alternatively, is the modern brake-drum more easily penetrated by water than was formerly the case?

Whatever the reason, here is undoubtedly something of which the owner-driver, in winter, will do well to make a note. There are few things more depressing than to get into a car, known to be in perfectly good trim mechanically, and then to find the wheels refusing to go round!

A New Austin

A new Austin model has just been announced—or, rather, a new type of coachwork on the well-known and popular 10-h.p. chassis. This is the "Sherborne" saloon, which has six side windows, and will carry four people in very genuine comfort. It is pleasing in outline, without excessive overhang, and has a rear panel which encloses the spare wheel, and also, when lowered, acts as a luggage platform.

This should prove a welcome addition to the Austin range of cars. A fixed-head saloon of this type sells at the modest price of £162 10s., while the saloon with sliding head, having also more luxurious equipment, is priced at £178.

The Austin "Sherborne" Saloon

"Pleasing in outline, without excessive overhang," says Lord Cardigan of the newest Austin model, four-seater "Sherborne" saloon. It sells at the modest price of a hundred and sixty odd pounds

"ALTHOUGH NOT A REGULAR SMOKER, I'VE LEARNED TO PREFER **KENSITAS*** AS THE PLAIN-TIP CIGARETTE THAT DOESN'T HURT MY THROAT"

Sybil Thorndike

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE, the eminent British actress, famous above all for her magnificent interpretation of Bernard Shaw's "St Joan."

The *Costlier Virginia Tobaccos* used in Kensitas *plus* the Kensitas Private Process *(the Process that expels certain biting, harsh irritants naturally present in all tobaccos)* assure you a plain-tip cigarette that 1004 Doctors have agreed to be less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes.

**Your Throat Protection Against Irritation...Against Cough*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Walker Cup Match

A Close Victory for Addington over Cambridge

Dunning-White (Jesus) and Strutt (Addington) played at Addington, where the home side beat Cambridge University by only one point

F. Robson, the Addington professional, acted as starter in the C.U.G.C. match. He is with the home secretary, Captain Heppel

Loudon (Trin.) and Goodban (Christ's) were both in the C.U. side that won the morning's foursomes at Addington, to lose by a point after the singles

THE Walker Cup match will be played this year on September 2nd and 3rd over the course of the Pine Valley Golf Club, near Philadelphia. This course is situated on a soil somewhat similar to that on which the courses at Sunningdale, Wentworth, Woking, Worplesdon, and West Hill are situated. From the competition tees, the shots to the ground, specially prepared for play, are long, and consequently shots which are as good as a better on the majority of courses are as bad as a worse at Pine Valley, where no three-quarter-hit tee shot will carry the rough country in front of the teeing grounds.

A player who slices or pulls to any extent at Pine Valley is fortunate to find his ball, and even if he does so, it will probably be in a lie which even Sir Ernley Blackwell would have no scruples in deeming unplayable. There are water hazards at least four holes, but these should have no terrors for players who are sufficiently good golfers to represent their countries.

A water hazard is chiefly a mental hazard which terrifies bad players, but has little effect on good players.

PINE VALLEY is a very fine course. There are people who regard it as the best inland course. It is difficult but absolutely fair, and provides most interesting as well as very testing golf, and is full of variety. I think that both writers and talkers have slightly exaggerated its severeness; what makes it so difficult for medal play is the fact that the wild shot nearly always finds an impossible place, and the penalty of the loss of a stroke and the distance must be incurred.

Great Britain has never won a Walker Cup match at golf since the Cup was presented in 1922, but we were distinctly unlucky in the matches played at St. Andrews in 1923, when we were defeated by 6 matches to 5; and also in 1926, when the match was played on the same links with the same result.

In 1923 some of the matches were extremely close. In the singles we lost two matches by one hole, lost one on the thirty-fifth green, and halved another. I have always held the opinion that in 1923 the Selectors were largely responsible for our defeat, as they decided to play C. V. L. Hooman in the foursomes and not in the singles. If Hooman had been omitted from the foursomes and included in the singles, I am convinced that we would have won this match.

I AM afraid this year we will have little chance of victory at Pine Valley; in fact, I think the day is very far distant when we shall win a Walker Cup match on American soil, but we should certainly have a chance of success when next the American team visits this country, which will be in 1938.

It is rather early to consider the players who should represent us at Pine Valley, but on the form shown last year and on present form there should be no difficulty in selecting a side which will put up a good show.

In a match of this type it is essential to select good match players and fighters, and not players who are continually successful in medal competitions, but seldom win a match in the Amateur Championship or other match play tournaments; in short, we want players who go round in about 80 and win, and not those who come in and say that they have been round in about 70 and have been beaten.

I SHOULD like to see the team which I am about to mention represent us in the United States this year, but whether they will be able to undertake the long journey is extremely doubtful. Hector Thomson, who has been the best player in the British Isles for the last eighteen months, selects himself. Last year he won the Irish Open Amateur Championship and the Scottish Close Amateur Championship. He not only won these championships but always looked like winning them, and had even more up his sleeve than Lawson Little had at St. Annes.

My next selection would be Jack McLean. He had far from a good season last year, but he was obviously tired and stale after his trip to Australia and New Zealand during the preceding winter.

My third selection, P. B. Lucas, is not playing at all well at the present time. He has only just started to play again after a long rest from golf due to an injured wrist. He always indulges in a tremendous amount of practice and for this reason takes longer to return to his best form than a player not accustomed to continual practice.

After his magnificent show at St. Annes last year and his previous numerous fine performances, I do not think we can possibly leave out Dr. W. Tweddell, who should make a very fine captain of the side. There is little about the game of golf he does not know, and he has already played in the Walker Cup match in the United States.

MY fifth player would be Major W. H. H. Aitken. The course at Pine Valley should suit him admirably, and he is a player who can be relied upon to produce a good shot at a crisis. Of his successes last year he won two after a tie.

My sixth player is L. G. Crawley, who has already been to America in our Walker Cup team and won his single. Crawley is at the present time a very much better and sounder golfer than he has ever been before, and, of course, has considerably more experience than he had in 1932 when he was victorious at Brooklyn.

My seventh player would be John Burke, who was in the same side as Crawley in 1932, and halved his single. Burke is a very fine match player; he produced some of the best golf seen at St. Annes during the Amateur Championship last year.

My eighth selection would be P. H. F. White, who played better than anyone else during the Halford Hewitt Cup Competition at Deal last year, and was in no small measure responsible for the success of the Old Carthusian team. White played little golf of importance during 1935, but on the few occasions when he did play with first-class players he more than held his own, in spite of not being in full practice.

MY team in order would be Hector Thomson, Jack McLean, P. B. Lucas, Dr. W. Tweddell, Major W. H. H. Aitken, L. G. Crawley, J. Burke, and P. H. F. White. In the foursomes I should like to see No. 1 play with 2, 3 with 4, 5 with 6, and No. 7 with No. 8. This may not be the best team available, but I have little doubt that it is better than the team which will be selected, and has more chance of success on American soil. Moreover, half of them have played in previous Walker Cup matches.

Whatever else you may keep in the house, make sure that there's a good supply of Whitbread's Pale Ale. Nothing can add more to your friends' enjoyment — or pay subtler tribute to your own discrimination.

BREWED AND BOTTLED ONLY BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON

Behind the Scenes in Aviation

By Charles Ward

Empire Air Day

THE Air League announces that Empire Air Day will be celebrated on Saturday, May 23rd, and as in previous years, all the important flying and gliding clubs will take part. The Air Ministry has agreed to the participation of the R.A.F., the displays so organised being often a useful preliminary to the Service show at Hendon, giving new pilots the experience of performing before a crowd. Not that pilots are liable to stage-fright, but there is, nevertheless, a subtle difference between giving a demonstration so that a crowd may see it to the best advantage, and going through the same exercises out of sight. Empire Air Day was inaugurated in 1934 with the twofold object of giving the public at large some incentive to associate flying with the development of the Empire, and at the same time affording an opportunity for people to get on the inside of aviation. As many Service stations and civil factories as possible are thrown open for tours of inspection, so that those who are interested can see what happens to the aeroplane behind the scenes and before it is ready to take the air. Incidentally, proceeds go to aviation charities. £7,000 being made on this day in the past two years. The occasion is to be celebrated in Australia on the same date and most probably in Canada and South Africa as well. India is advancing the day to the present month, before the hot weather commences.

In Training for the Atlantic Air Service. All pilots of Imperial Airways are taking a course at Hamble in the operation of flying boats, as the Company will change over to this type for the Empire routes as well as for the Atlantic crossing early next year. Flt.-Lieut. Middleton in the cockpit, chief instructor on marine aircraft for A.S.T., is advising one of the pilots how to start his engine on the water in emergency

By Falcon to the Cape

FLT.-LIEUT. "TOMMY" ROSE has joined the band of long-distance record holders by a fine flight to the Cape in 3¾ days. He flew the same Miles "Falcon" with which he won

(Continued on page ii)

All the best syphons *say* . . .

★ **Schweppes Soda Water** is also sold in Bottles—Large, Splits and Schweplets . . .

Behind the Scenes

(Continued from page 328)

the King's Cup last year, the only change made in the machine being the addition of fuel tanks for long non-stop stages. The "Falcon" is a low-wing monoplane, normally fitted with three or four seats. Powered by a Gipsy VI., it cruises comfortably at 140 miles an hour. Its efficiency is due mainly to beautiful streamlining, and without recourse to a retractable undercarriage or variable-pitch airscrew. The flight to the Cape was made via Imperial Airways eastern route, which is more than 1000 miles longer than that followed by Mrs. Mollison, the previous holder of the record. Even better time would have been possible except for a forced landing in a heavy storm in Southern Rhodesia. If a pilot flying solo can reach the Cape in under four days, the regular mail, flying night and day with two pilots, should find no difficulty in keeping the same time. Meanwhile Mr. David Llewellyn is, at the time of going to press, fairly under-way towards the same goal. His idea is to prove that a midget 'plane with no more than 35 horse-power is equally suitable for long tours abroad. The "Aeronca" is popular in Canada and the States for sport flying and instruction. It is to be manufactured under licence in England.

By air to Sweden—British Continental Airways offers a direct connection between England and Sweden by daily service. In the foreground is "St. George," one of the de Havilland "Express" liners that is flying on the route. Behind is an Imperial Airways 42-seater used on their service to Paris

A British Sikorsky

THERE is to be an addition to the family over here—the famous all-metal Sikorsky, type S.42, is to be built at Hamble for use on British air routes. It will be interesting to find out whether the American boat is really more efficient than its opposite number as built by Short Brothers for Imperial Airways. Pan-American Airways has established its reputation mainly on the flying qualities and seaworthines of the S.42, mail services from Miami to the West Indies to Trinidad and down to Buenos Aires being operated with this type. The Board of the new company includes four names well known in the industry. Sir John Higgins, the chairman, was the technical member of the Air Council for some years and more recently has been associated with Airports, Ltd., which is developing Gatwick and Gravesend as future termini for London. Lord Willoughby de Broke is an owner-pilot and chairman of the company building Klemms at Hanworth. Mr. Charles Best and Mr. G. H. Handasyde will be responsible for the production and sale of the Sikorsky. George Handasyde was associated with Martin in building the "Tinside," a term of affection bestowed by pilots on those robust little "scouts" that seemed impervious to bits of shell and bullets.

EXCLUSIVE SHERRY

of a rich bouquet found in wine of superb quality.

A customer writes: "A delightful sherry"

WHITE HEATHER HONEY SHERRY

12/6 Per Bott. Post Paid.

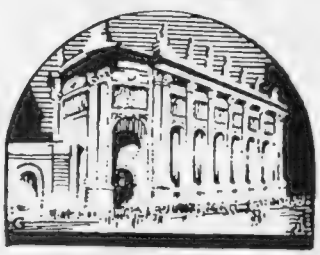
126/- Per Case, Carriage Paid.

BAILEY'S

68, RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

Also at EDINBURGH, PAISLEY, AYR

Established 1833.



For over 100 years the National Provincial Bank has made continuous efforts to provide first-class service in all money matters, and through its Branches, which number upwards of 1,350 Offices in England, Wales and the Channel Islands, its clients can avail themselves of facilities which satisfy all requirements.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

Head Office:

15, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

FOR IRRESISTIBLE DANCE MUSIC !

★ COLUMBIA RECORDS

★ BROADCASTING

PHILIP BROWN AND HIS BAND

6 Livery St., Birmingham 3.

Write for Illustrated Brochure.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton St., Bond St., London, W.1.

Your guide to sunshine cruising for 1936.

'ALMANZORA'

FEB. 28.	West Africa & Atlantic Isles	20 days from 34 gns.
MAR. 20.	West Africa & Atlantic Isles	20 days from 34 gns.

'ATLANTIS'

APR. 9.	The Mediterranean - -	23 days from 40 gns.
MAY 8.	The Mediterranean - -	20 days from 34 gns.
MAY 30.	The Mediterranean - -	14 days from 23 gns.
JUN. 20.	Atlantic Islands - - -	13 days from 22 gns.
JULY 4.	Baltic & Northern Capitals	12 days from 19 gns.
JULY 17.	Norwegian Fjords - -	7 days from 11 gns.
JULY 25.	Iceland & Spitzbergen -	19 days from 30 gns.
AUG. 14.	Baltic & Northern Capitals	15 days from 23 gns.
SEPT. 4.	The Mediterranean - -	21 days from 36 gns.
SEPT. 26.	The Mediterranean - -	28 days from 48 gns.

'ALCANTARA'

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEK-END CRUISE

JULY 31. Bantry Bay (for Killarney) 4 days from 7 gns.

● *Ask for a copy of the "Zodiac" Booklet giving complete programme*

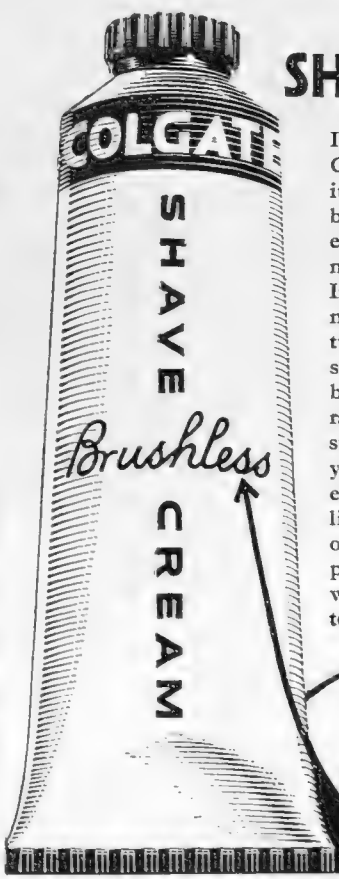
ROYAL MAIL

ROYAL MAIL LINES, LTD.

America House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1. Royal Mail House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, and at Southampton, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Cardiff, Glasgow or Local Agents.

SOMEONE ELSE
IS GETTING A BETTER SHAVE
Without a Brush
THAN HE EVER GOT
WITH ONE!

Haven't YOU *tried*
COLGATE'S
Brushless
SHAVE CREAM?



It's time *you* got on to this new shave idea of COLGATE'S—you can't afford to miss it! When Colgate's say you can get a better shave without a brush than you ever got with one, you can be sure it means something—and something big! In point of fact, it means this amazing new cream that it took Colgate's experts two years of careful experiment and research to make perfect. Perfect? Yes—because it never lumps, never clogs the razor, never leaves a trace of shine or stickiness. Demands nothing more from you than that you just spread it on—so easy—and shave it off as quick as you like. Gives after-shave comfort too—that obviates all need for a lotion. Just *how* perfect it is you'll learn at your first shave with it—which'll be your glad goodbye to any other ways of shaving at all!

6d & 1/-
GIANT SIZE
1'6

New Notes in Spring Fashions

NECKLINES, sleeves and accessories are of interest since they add a touch of individuality to an otherwise simple frock. The suit on the left, for example, is enlivened by spotted accessories including hat, gloves and blouse. A detachable collar in crisp, pleated organdi outlined with black cellophane marguerites is sketched in the top left-hand corner, and just below it is a diagonally pleated sailor collar. The vogue for pleating is being stressed by nearly every designer, and is particularly effective in sleeves. Those pictured are carried out in chiffon. Below on the right is an evening frock accompanied by a short bolero with puff sleeves. It is draped round the neck and fastens with paste clips at the back. Another variation of the "puff" is seen in the centre of the page. It is gathered half-way down.

BUY YOUR FURS AT WHOLESALE PRICES!

Here is an opportunity to obtain the finest Luxury Furs at Wholesale Prices. Illustrated is a luxurious model in

COCOA DYED ERMINE

—A beautiful example from our Spring Collection

OUR PRICE WHOLESALE

49 GNS.

Retail Price 65 Gns.

Our Catalogue of Paris Furs shows the newest ideas for 1936. A copy will be sent free on request.

PARIS FURS LTD.

Wholesale Furriers,

205, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

(Opposite Liberty's—Third Floor)

What's On *(Continued from page D)*

CONCERTS *(Continued)*

Recitals

ADILA FACHIRI.—The violinist's last of three recitals; programme includes Handel and Paganini, Brahms's Hungarian Dances, and Somervell's D major Concerto: Wigmore Hall, Tues., 25th, 8.30.

HOROWITZ.—The first of three subscription concerts; programme includes works by Haydn, Liszt, Schubert: Queen's Hall, Tues., 25th, 8.30.

MAY SABESTON WALKER.—Songs, including her own compositions; assisted by David Martin (violin) and Harry Isaacs (piano): Grotrian Hall, Tues., 25th, 8.30.

Orchestral

B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Adrian Boult conducts them in Schubert's Unfinished and Beethoven's Seventh; Joseph Szigeti is the soloist in Brahms's Violin Concerto in D: Queen's Hall, to-night, 19th, 8.30.

THE STRATTON QUARTET.—Frederick Riddle (second viola) joins the Quartet in the R.C.M. Patrons' Fund concert series: Wigmore Hall, Tues., 25th, 5.30.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Marion Harris is back in London with some fetching new songs; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Midnight Follies of 1936 are here—Hollywood Starlets, Florine McKinney, a dancer and a funny turn; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new show is *New York*, 1936—a girls, music, and star-turn entertainment; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—Florence Chumbecos and Walter Crisham are dancing in the "Jardin Fleuri" cabaret; Harry Roy's band plays: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing: the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but two excellent bands—Len Hay's and the Florida Night-Owls till 11, and then the Krakajax, with Judy Shirley; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime & keep FIT.

Price 1/6

Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1/3

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, *etc.*

AND BEFORE BED

Children or Cats . . .

Making all kinds of noises, but what has father to say? He works undisturbed. He has Ohropax Antiphone in his ears. *6 prs. globules* **2 6**, and how they last! *At all Pharmacies and Drug Stores. Sole Agent:* **Elnahar, Ltd, (B 8, Great Marlborough St., London, W.1**

THE CHILLS AND ILLS OF WINTER

They quickly affect the stomach, impair the digestion, and lower the vitality. If winter chills get you down, the Physician's prescription is "Bed and Benger's Food." Benger's is chosen because it is the most easily digested and the most quickly nourishing Food, and because it rests and restores the enfeebled digestion.

The "*British Medical Journal*" says "Benger's Food is distinct from any other food obtainable."

Send postcard for interesting description of the Benger's Food self-digestive process. Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

No other Cigarette can so justly be said to meet the tastes of the great majority as Player's. Of course, "It's the Tobacco that Counts"; also in size, packing, and all desirable features Player's predominate.

FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW

PLAYER'S PLEASE

10 for 6d IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS 20 for 11d

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. N.C.C. 316.

Frenchmen Know Everything

(*Continued from page 314*)

She arrived at 7.15.

There were flowers in her room, and Monsieur André, seeing her arrival, hoped that the taxi did not mean indisposition.

He was tenderly, charmingly solicitous. She thought :

" I am going to pay you back for all this ! I am going to reward you royally for all this real and honest devotion that has been a beautiful, rare tribute to my character and personality. *I* will confer on you the management of the " Duchesse's Whim," and I will stay there for ever, ministered to by you, your revered pensionnaire—but we will call it something else ; something that well-bred, sensitive English ladies like myself will not find embarrassing as an address."

He passed from table to table, ambassadorial yet simple, speaking French, German and English dispassionately.

She thought :

" I 'll detain him now. I 'll tell him here, in front of all these people."

She found herself trembling, shivering with happy anticipation. She felt she was about to confer some powerful emotional culmination on Monsieur André ; she was winged and yet heavy with it. She, who had never been a bride, whose relationship with Monsieur André of the little Hôtel des Anglais was untouched by any sex-urge, conscious or subconscious, was filled by a very passion of giving, of bequeathing, of blind gratitude for past favours given and received.

She sat on when the others had filed out, fiddling with the meagre dessert, waiting.

She thought :

" I could buy the ' Duchesse's Whim ' and let him run it as my manager, and he does not know. He does not even *guess*. It is my secret. It is my surprise."

He came and stood by her table. He told her he was glad to see her back. The staff had missed her, he said. He had missed her ! Madame was always so charming. One missed such people.

" You have been good to me," she said, " a poor old woman."

She waited for him to protest against the adjectives. No protest came.

Her great moment was upon her. The simple, honest weight of human gratitude hung on her heart until it hurt.

She put out her hand and touched his. " I want to tell you something," she whispered ; and the words were proud and honey-sweet in her mouth.

" I was hurt when Madame inherited her fortune and said nothing here," he was saying. The little wheels of his voice went faster and faster, running over her heart. " I was hurt when Madame deserted us for the ' Duchesse's Whim,' " he said. " But it can be built up by the right person, that place. *I* could do it." The sudden arrogance dropped out of his voice. It was again impersonal.

The eyes that stared down into hers were polite, friendly, admiring, charged again of that friendly, subtle dog quality that had comforted and sustained her for five years.

" If Madame will speak for me with the owners," he was pleading gently, " if Madame, who is so good, so sympathetic, will speak for me to the owners."

THE END.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE " BYSTANDER " GOLF COUPON

FEBRUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The " Bystander " Ladies' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (14th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1936, will be held at Seacroft, Skegness, Lincolnshire, by kind invitation, March 31st to April 3rd. Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders : Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees.

HOTELS

The " Bystander " headquarters will be the **Seacroft Hotel, Skegness.**

Special Terms :

17s. 6d. each per day, inclusive, or 14s. without lunch and tea.

Other hotels : **County Hotel, Crown Hotel,** and **Vine Hotel** all 14s. inclusive.

" Bystander " Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (5th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy : Mrs. Swinscoe.

In conjunction with the Bystander Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Seacroft during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A. ; 25% to the Lincolnshire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, March 31st, to Friday, April 3rd, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes ; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Sec., Seacroft, may decide.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from visitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, March 13th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before March 13th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

SEACROFT NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE " BYSTANDER " LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Fourteenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, March 13

The " Bystander " Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Seacroft, on March 31st, 1936, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* } .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone number .....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* } .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone number .....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or, after March 27th, to Seacroft Hotel, Skegness. Telegrams and Telephone : Helme, Skegness, 52.

Printed in Great Britain by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—Wednesday, February 19, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents : International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa : Central News Agency, Limited.

THE NEW *Spring Ensembles*

(Below)

TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE In Angora wool with Russian Lynx collar. The Frock is finished with tierred lapels and large mother o' pearl buckle. In blue-green, dark sand, light navy, sap-green and black. Complete **22 Gns.**

(Below)

A THREE-PIECE SUIT in diagonal fancy Wool-Mousse, comprising a smart Swagger-Coat together with a belted Coat and Skirt. Skirt is in the new length. Coats finished with novelty buttons. Electric-blue, navy, brown, grey, black. Complete **8½ Gns.**

(Above)

ATTRACTIVE TWO-PIECE in novelty Feather-wool. The three-quarter Coat has sleeves trimmed with Sable-fitch Fur cuffs with elaborate stitching, which is also carried out in the Frock. Stocked in blue-green, midnight blue, saxe, beige, grey & black **18½ Gns.**

READY-TO-WEAR
DEPT. 18
(SECOND FLOOR)

JAY'S Ltd
Regent Street,
London, W.1.

GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Tunbridge

Pamela Lacon

Is the younger daughter of the late G. M. Lacon, of Norfolk, and Mrs. Hulbert, of Helmsley, Harrow-on-the-Hill, and a niece of Sir George Lacon, Bart.; she is engaged to John Edward Hodgson, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Hodgson, of Fairfield, Croxley Green, Herts

Bassano

Sheila Rollo

Is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. W. K. Rollo, M.C., of Richmond, Surrey, and Mrs. Rollo, of Warcop, Westmorland; she is engaged to J. W. G. Birkbeck, second son of the late Maj.-Gen. Sir W. H. Birkbeck, K.C.B., C.M.G., and Lady Birkbeck, of Heather Close, Yateley, Hants

Kay Vaughan

Clare Barker

Clare Elisabeth Ross Barker is the daughter of Sir Ross and Lady Barker, of 6, Upper George Street, W.1; she has become engaged to Mark Dalcour Tennant, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Tennant, of White House, Haileybury

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth McCready

Is the daughter of the Rev. M. P. and Mrs. McCready, of The Rectory, Tendring, Essex; her engagement is announced to Peter Wobryche Stansfeld, son of the late Major H. A. Stansfeld, and Mrs. Stansfeld, of The Manor House, Iffley, Oxford

Poole, Dublin

Mora Gamble

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Gamble, of Montpelier, Dalkley, Co. Dublin; she is engaged to Lancelot Pyman, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Pyman, of The Manor House, Radcliffe-on-Trent. Miss Gamble is a member of the Irish Aero Club

Navana

Mary Diana Kearton

Is engaged to John Boyce Hirst, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hirst, of Harrogate, Yorkshire; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Kearton, of 28, Cleveland Square, W.2

Pearl Freeman

Rosemary Mayne

Has become engaged to Dunstan Montague Scott, younger son of Mr. R. Montague Scott, of 2, Chelsea Studios, and Mrs. Mayer, of Hyde Park Place; she is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. H. T. Mayne, of 203, Ebury Street, S.W.1

Bassano

Mary Ormsby-Gore

Is the eldest daughter of the Rt. Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore, M.P., and Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, of 5, Mansfield St., W.1; she is engaged to R. F. Campbell, only son of Mr. R. H. Campbell, the Minister in Belgrade, and Mrs. Campbell. Miss Ormsby-Gore is granddaughter to both the Marquess of Salisbury and Lord Harlech

Platt — Nicholson

At St. Jude's, Southsea, Edward Hamilton Comyn Platt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Platt, of Alverbank, Alverstoke, married Dorothy Ridgway Nicholson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nicholson, of Anglesey Lodge, Alverstoke

Shaw — Randles

Constance Randles, eldest daughter of the late J. T. Randles, of Solihull, Warwickshire, and Mrs. Randles, of Bexhill, was married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, to Harry Godfrey Shaw, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Shaw, of Les Maronniers, Grouville, Jersey

Fayer of Vienna

Pomfret — Maclean

Désirée Dawn Maclean, only daughter of the late A. I. Maclean, and Mrs. Maclean, of 27, Argyll Mansions, S.W.3, was married at Chelsea Old Church to Virgil Pomfret, only son of the late Virgil Pomfret, and Mrs. Pomfret, of Mystole, near Canterbury

Gill — Howgrave

Charles Webley Hope Gill, younger son of the Rt. Rev. C. Hope Gill, D.D., and Mrs. Gill, of Hyères, France, married Winifred Mary Howgrave, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Howgrave, of 51, Canning Road, Croydon

Brittain — Watt

At St. Mary's, Cairo, Louisa Margaret Watt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Watt, of the Delta Barrage, was married to R. E. G. Brittain, son of Sir Harry Brittain, K.B.E., C.M.G., and Lady Brittain, of 2, Cowley Street, S.W.1

Fulton — Hunter

Dr. John Buchanan Fulton, of Guisborough, Yorks., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fulton, of Newlands Road, Glasgow, and Catherine Dorothy Lesley Hunter, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Hunter, of Abercrombie Place, Edinburgh, were married at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh

Cronin Moore

Harry Cronin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cronin, of Rushbrooke, Co. Cork, and Sheila Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levins Moore, of Ashton House, Castlenock, Co. Dublin, were married at St. Brigid's, Blanchestown

Sclater — Roberts

At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Gilbert Edward Sclater, eldest son of the late Rev. and Mrs. Sclater, of Newick, Sussex, married Kathleen Madeline Roberts, elder daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Roberts, of Courthorpe House, Wimbledon

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

February 19—February 25

THEATRE

Comedy and Tragedy

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—This play continues in its mystifying way; Frank Vosper heads the cast: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN.—Auden and Isherwood's piece about a pilgrim in modern Europe mixes farce and doggerel with satire and poetry. Capital fun if you take your brains with you: Westminster, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This Chinese charmer looks as if it will outlive the Art Exhibition. Carol Coombe is Precious Stream in S. I. Hsiung's play: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY TUDOR.—Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight in T. S. Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Mon.). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

OUT OF THE DARK.—Ingram D'Abbes' new play directed by Sydney Carroll is about a blind novelist (Henry Oscar), who suddenly regains his sight. Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies is his wife: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

PAGE FROM A DIARY.—Ernst Deutsch, Greer Garson, and Nicholas Hannen take us from Monte Carlo to the North-West Frontier and back again: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Proves that well-played Shakespeare is still good box-office. John Gielgud produced; he and Peggy Ashcroft are the star-crossed pair. Mercutio (Laurence Olivier) and the Nurse (Edith Evans) are unforgettable: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ST. HELENA.—(Till Saturday). Kenneth Kent plays Napoleon in the play by Sherriff and Jeanne de Casalis about the Corsican's last days. Historically accurate, it still makes good drama: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's short plays vary nightly, and make the best light entertainment in town. The author and Gertrude Lawrence play the leads in them all: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Four days short of a thousand performances, this piece comes off at the end of the week. Robert Harris, Antoinette Cellier, and Mackenzie Ward should be seen before too late: Savoy, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland, Muchachos, and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRITZI.—A gay and tuneful musical comedy, with Rosalinde Fuller as the gamine heroine, Leslie French as hero: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 72.—This programme starts Revudeville on its fifth year, with the singer Doreen Dalton, a ballet of the "Zoo," a sketch of Roman Britain, and Hugh Rene, Edna Thompson, Doris Barry, and Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Florence Desmond and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—Sellar and Yeatman's brilliant idea of burlesquing history continues to occupy a big cast and bigger audiences in this revue-history-farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Greta Fayne, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—The spy-play at its most lurid. Marion Lorne makes the comedy (on the Orient Express) by getting mixed up in the spying and counter-spying: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FORTY THIEVES.—George Jackley, Naughton and Gold, Kitty Reidy, Polly Ward: Lyceum 2 and 7.30.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.—Binnie Hale is principal boy, Marjorie Browne, Charles Heslop, Shaun Glenville: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

THE LIMPING MAN.—Essentially a mirth and mystery piece. John Stuart, Charles Carson, Arthur Hardy and Joan Carol combine the hilarity and horrors: Saville, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES.—Sir Seymour Hicks revives the piece, and plays the part that he made famous. Margaretta Scott leads opposite him: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megolomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO EXIT.—One more Embassy play comes West. Messrs. Goodchild and Witty have written a piece about murder for a bet and by mistake. Robert Douglas plays in it: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a low-brow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—James Bridie transports Bruno Franck's *Sturm im Wasserglas* to a Scottish scene. Roger Livesey, Sara Allgood, and Ian McLean are fun in this comedy-satire: Haymarket, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—Jack Waller and a company complete from the U.S. present this successful American farce about a timid little man who unwillingly becomes a gangster: Wyndham's, 8.30.

First Nights

AT THE SILVER SWAN.—Guy Bolton and Clifford Grey wrote this new musical play about the Australian goldfields of 1870. Doris Zinkeisen did the décor, and Alice Delysia will act in it: Palace, Feb. 19th.

PETTICOAT FEVER.—Dennis King returns to England to play a lost wireless operator whose fiancée (Jill Esmond) rescues him by 'plane, in this piece of Mark Reed's: Daly's, Feb. 20th.

A WINTER'S TALE.—Miss Baylis and the Vic Company return to their old love, Shakespeare, with this comedy: Old Vic, Feb. 25th.

CINEMAS

ANYTHING GOES.—The screen version of Cole Porter's revue, with Bing Crosby and Charlie Ruggles: Plaza.

BONNE CHANCE.—Sacha Guitry wrote and directed this film in which he and Jacqueline Delubac take an unofficial honeymoon on the winnings of a lottery: Curzon.

CAPTAIN BLOOD.—Rafael Sabatini's story of a gentleman pirate in Jamaica brings a new star to the screen—Errol Flynn: New Gallery.

THE DARK ANGEL.—Fredric March, Merle Oberon, and Herbert Marshall in a noble triangular drama: Dominion

HINDU HOLIDAY.—A film of Indian life, also a pictorial history of England, cartoons, news and magazines: Tatler.

HOHE SCHULE.—The German for Haute Ecole; is about Captain Cavelli, who does a masked riding act. Forster, who played opposite Bergner in *Traumende Mund*, is the Captain: Academy.

I DREAM TOO MUCH.—Coloratura soprano Lily Pons in a musical picture of the operatic sort: Carlton.

I LIVE MY LIFE.—Brian Aherne (English) plays opposite Joan Crawford in her new comedy: Empire.

THE IMMORTAL SWAN.—The postponed gala showing of the Pavlova film has been fixed for the 20th at the Regal

IT'S IN THE AIR.—Jack Benny and Una Merkel in a comedy-thriller: Astoria.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.—The new Hulbert film with Robertson Hare and Gina Malo. Jack carries off improbabilities and impossibilities in high finance: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MODERN TIMES.—Charlie Chaplin has Paulette Goddard to lead in his new typically Chaplin film: Tivoli

SHIPMATES FOR EVER.—Warner's new American Navy comedy stars Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler: Regal.

THINGS TO COME.—H. G. Wells supervised the making of this spectacular film from his book, *Shape of Things to Come*. Ralph Richardson, Raymond Massey, Margaretta Scott, and Ann Todd are in it: Leicester Square (from Friday).

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.—Jack Buchanan and Fay Wray together again in the good old stage farce: London Pavilion.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:
LA TRAVIATA: to-night, 19th, 8.
MARRIAGE OF FIGARO: Thurs., 20th, 8.
LA BOHÈME: Sat., 22nd, 2.30.
BORIS GODUNOV: Sat., 22nd, 7.45.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:
THE GODS GO A-BEGGING, THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, APPARITIONS: Fri., 21st, 8.30.
LES RENDEZ-VOUS, THE BLUE BIRD, THE GODS GO A-BEGGING, DOUANES: Tues., 25th, 8.30.

MARKOVA-DOLIN BALLET.—The répertoire includes a new DIVERTISSEMENT, NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE, AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE, DAVID: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

EXHIBITIONS

CHINESE ART EXHIBITION. Royal Academy, Burlington House, week-days, 9.30—7 (Thurs., till 10).

GAINSBOROUGH EXHIBITION.—A loan show of drawings and paintings by the great Englishman in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital: 45, Park Lane, 11—7.

NATIONAL SOCIETY EXHIBITION.—The N.S. of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers and Potters gives its seventh exhibition: Royal Institute Galleries 195, Piccadilly, 10—4.

CONCERTS

Recitals

NINA MILKINA.—A recital at the Grotrian Hall: to-night, 19th, 8.30.

MERIEL ST. CLAIR.—Songs, with Gerald Moore at the piano: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 19th, 8.30.

NICOLAS MEDTNER.—Piano recital, including works by Beethoven, Chopin, and Liszt: Æolian Hall, to-night, 19th, 8.30.

THE PEPPIN SISTERS.—Mary and Geraldine in a two-piano recital: Grotrian Hall, Thurs., 20th, 8.30.

LEONA FLOOD.—First appearance in London of this young American violinist; Gerald Moore at the piano Æolian Hall, Thurs., 20th, 8.30.

HILDA ROCKSTRO.—At the piano, assisted by Louise Nelson (soprano): Grotrian Hall, Fri., 21st, 8.30.

LAMOND.—A Beethoven recital, including the Moonlight and Pathetic Sonatas, the Sonata Appassionata, and the G major Rondo: Palladium, Sun., 23rd, 3.15.

TOTI DAL MONTE.—The coloratura soprano with Luigi Montesante (baritone) in a recital at the Queen's Hall Sun., 23rd, 3.15.

DOROTHY HELMRICH.—A song recital at the Æolian Hall, Mon., 24th, 8.30.

SUGGIA.—The last of three 'cello recitals, with Gerald Moore at the piano; a romantic programme includes Saint Saëns, Dvořák, Dohnányi and Schubert: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 24th, 5.30.

FLORA COLLINS.—After success in Vienna, Miss Collins gives a song recital here: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 24th, 8.30.

(*Continued on page* iv)

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge say

"Cleverly placed inverted pleats make this our most comfortable golf suit!"

Blouses and Skirts, First floor.

SUÈDE sportscoat, fastening down the front with a concealed zipp, has a deep inverted pleat at the back from shoulder yoke to waist to give fullness for sports. Havana, nigger, bottle, paribleu, moss and navy. S.W., W. & F.W. 94/6

THE FINE diagonal Yorkshire tweed skirt, with clever pleats in front, can be worn with or without the tee-holder belt. Hip sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44 59/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., LONDON, S.W.1

SLOane 3440

ROWE of BOND STREET

BY APPOINTMENT

THE SHOP FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

ANNOUNCING . . . .

The first showing of new SPRING MODEL COATS AND HATS for young people of two to seven years. Commencing Monday, February 17th.

. . . .

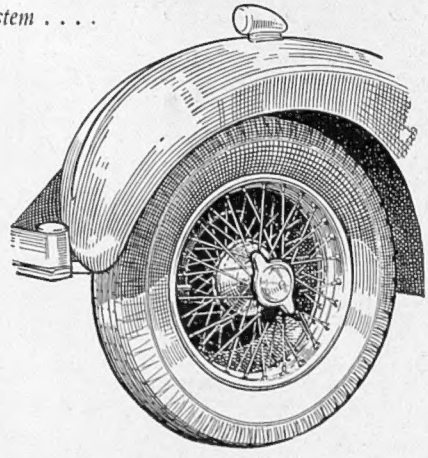
"Between Season" prices are available for all orders given before March 1st.

WM. ROWE & CO., LTD., 106, NEW BOND STREET, W.1

THE NEW MG TWO-LITRE

Buy a car made in the United Kingdom

EVERY TWO-LITRE M.G. has racing type wire wheels with splined hubs and knock-off caps . . . . and the Jackall built-in jacking system . . . .



. . . . that is what makes wheel changes so delightfully quick, easy and clean.

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED. ABINGDON-ON-THAMES

SL.3

HIGH SOCIETY

Although we are Patronised by the Nobility and Gentry, although Their Highnesses, Their Graces, Their Lordships and Ladyships are wont to relax here, the Palace is by no means expensive. On the contrary, the terms, you must remember, definitely include all sorts of things for which you have to pay a lot at less favoured hotels. Here is Nature at her most expansive, with Enjoyment at its least expensive; exclusive guests, so to speak, on inclusive terms. And what nice weather we're having for the time of the year.

PALACE TORQUAY

Golf, Tennis, Bowls, Squash, Badminton, Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Sun Lounges, Dancing, Talkies, Entertainments ALL included in the terms.

'Phone: TORQUAY 2271

IMPORTANT DATES IN 1936

APL 24 — MAY 2 — MAY 16 — MAY 23

JUNE 27 — JULY 4 — JULY 11 — JULY 18

JULY 25 — AUG 1 — AUG 8 — AUG 22

WRITE FOR PROGRAMME AND PRICED PLAN OF CRUISES BY "ORION" AND "ORONTES"

ORIENT LINE CRUISES

Managers: Anderson, Green and Co. Ltd.
5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3
West End Offices: 14 Cockspur St., S.W.1 & No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2
Telephones: MAN. 3456 WHI. 6981 TEM. 2258

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Fourth Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

FELIXSTOWE

on March 21st and 22nd, 1936

(Headquarters: The Felix Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: M. R. Gardner (Parkstone)

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 21st.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 21st, will be posted to each competitor on March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel

Arrangements for the Week-End

The L.N.E.R. will issue to competitors staying at the Felix Hotel combined rail and hotel week-end tickets (Friday to Monday) by any train from Liverpool Street, and also from Bishop's Stortford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Newmarket and Norwich, at the inclusive price of £4 2s.

This ticket includes first-class return railway journey, dinner on the train or at the hotel on Friday, full board at the Felix Hotel on the Saturday and Sunday, with the alternative of lunch at the club-house, breakfast at the hotel or on the train on Monday morning, green fees, free use of the hard tennis or squash courts, free conveyance of luggage between the station and the hotel.

Competitors not taking advantage of the inclusive ticket will be required to pay green fees.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Felix Hotel by noon on March 20th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • No Entrance Fee

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Felixstowe on Saturday, March 21st and Sunday, March 22nd

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.. .....

Club.. ..... Lowest Handicap.....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with ..... in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(Strike out one of these.)

There is no entrance fee. I enclose a handicap certificate.

(Signed).....

WHEN YOU'RE PUTTING YOUR SHIRT ON A HORSE—

Tell "Duggie" all about it!

—he's waiting to open a Credit Account with you

DOUGLAS STUART . STUART HOUSE . SHAFTESBURY AVE . LONDON